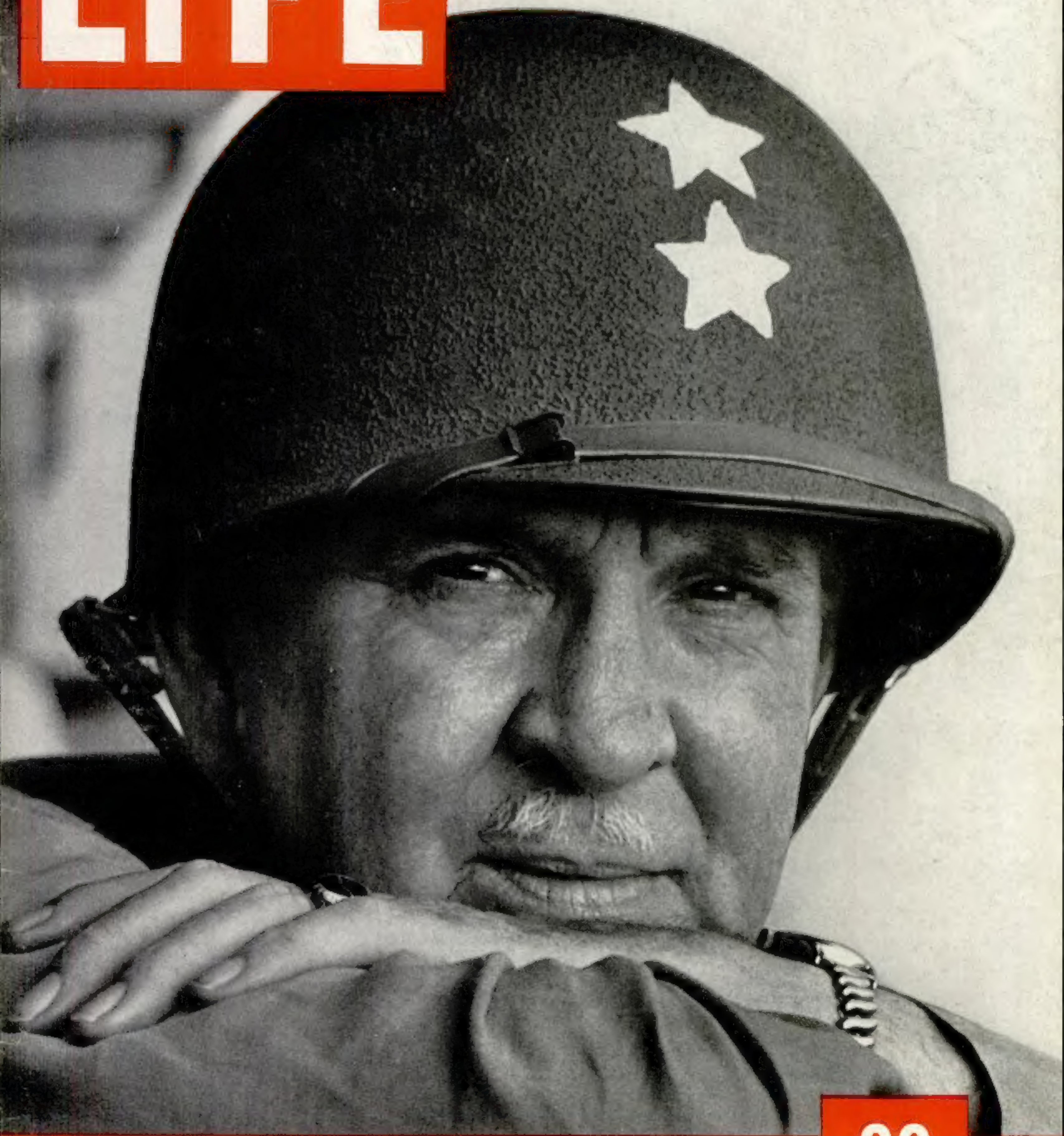


LIFE

"UNCLE JOHN" HOSKINS
NAVAL AIR BOSS IN FAR EAST



AUGUST 14, 1950 **20** CENTS

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BACK TO SCHOOL WITH SHEAFFER'S

There's something about a Sheaffer's that's as fresh and exciting as that first day back at school. The way it glides across paper. The way it looks...sleek, streamlined. And—by all means—the way it makes you feel, knowing you own the very best.

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WHITE DOT • OF DISTINCTION

America's FIRST Choice



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VALIANT
Pen...\$12.50
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Your mouth and breath are more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—when you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Rely

on doubly-effective Ipana care for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

Naturally, you'd like to have a healthier, more wholesome mouth. And you *will* have, if you do what dentists advise: fight not only tooth decay but *gum troubles*, too.

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums **BOTH**.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or any other—has

been proved more effective than Ipana to *fight tooth decay*. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums*.

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

So keep your whole mouth "Ipana wholesome." You'll enjoy Ipana's refreshing flavor, too. Get Ipana today.



"I have lots of confidence in Ipana ... it's made by Bristol-Myers,"

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Bristol-Myers, makers of Ipana Tooth Paste, have worked with leading dental authorities for many years on scientific studies of the teeth and gums. You can use Ipana with complete confidence that it provides effective care for teeth and gums *both*. It's another reliable Bristol-Myers product.

NEW!
Big economy size Ipana
saves you up to 23¢



IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

Whole Family Thrilled

**ANY OTHER CAR THAT
PLEASED US ALL WOULD HAVE COST
\$1000 MORE!**



**How the
"Magic-Mile" Ride
convinced
the Campbells!
of Evanston, Illinois**



"BIG FULL-SIZE doors open wide!" exclaims Mrs. Campbell, of Evanston, Illinois. "It's so easy to step in or out of a Dodge without twisting or squirming. And you don't have to stoop, either!" Dodge advanced design gives you the utmost in convenience every way!



WIDER ON THE INSIDE! "Dodge seats are as wide in back as in front—so there's plenty of room for us all! Dodge engineers did a wonderful thing in designing a car with so much room *inside*, yet so sleek and compact *outside*." You ride in comfort . . . and in style!



MORE VISIBILITY, GREATER SAFETY! "It's wonderful how easy it is to 'see out' *wherever* you sit in a Dodge! You have safer driving with the big 'Landscape Windshield.' The huge rear 'Picture Window' gives all passengers a feeling of real interior spaciousness!"



JET-AWAY—GET-AWAY! "The big Dodge 'Get-Away' engine," says Mr. Campbell, "gives you brilliant performance. Yet for all its pep and power, it's a miser for gas. No tedious 'break-in' period, either. At 350 miles Dodge 'Get-Away' engines are ready to 'GO!'"

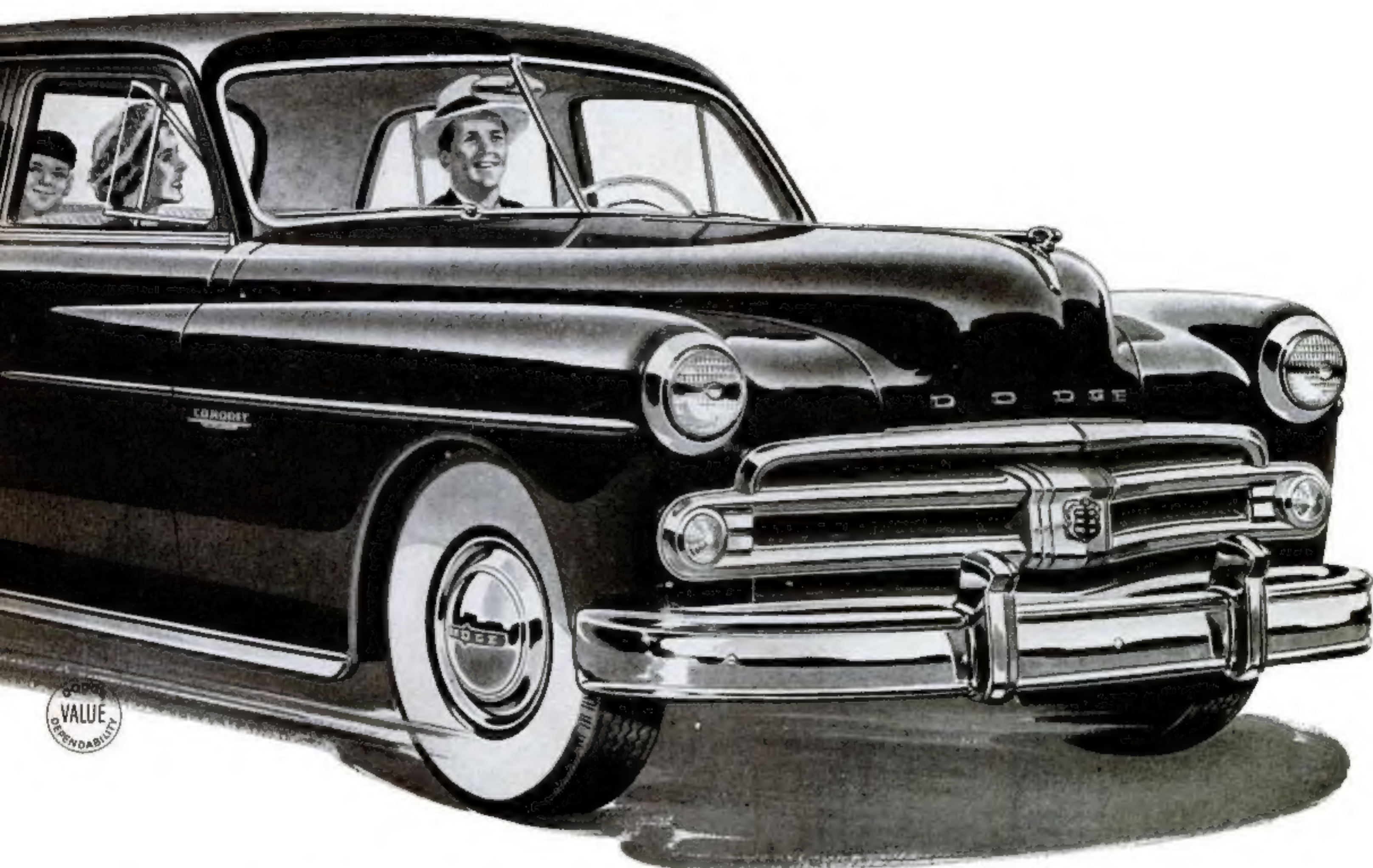


LUGGAGE ROOM FOR ALL! "Now the whole family can go on trips and take all the luggage we need! The big compartment is specially designed for easy slide-in loading! The easily accessible spare tire is at the side, out of the way." No luggage underfoot—it's tucked away!



DRIVE WITHOUT SHIFTING! Dodge Gyro-Matic is America's lowest-priced automatic transmission! (Available on Coronet models.) All Dodge models give you the handling ease and smoothness of Fluid Drive at no extra cost. Another example of Dodge bigger value!

by "Magic-Mile" Ride!



Out of the showroom... Out on the road...

That's where the rugged Dodge proves its bigger dollar value!

GET READY for a money-saving surprise when you take the wheel and go for a "Magic-Mile" ride in today's new Dodge! You'll actually see how you could pay a thousand dollars more and still not get all the extra value features Dodge gives you! You'll see why the big buy is Dodge!

You'll see how Dodge engineers designed a car for your comfort. You'll sit comfortably on seats that are "knee-level" . . . just the proper

height for a relaxing ride. Body lines allow plenty of shoulder, head and leg room.

EXTRA FEATURES AT NO EXTRA COST

And never have you driven a car so easy to handle! Dodge sleek compact design makes parking, turning, garaging easier. You'll discover a new thrill from the big, high-compression "Get-Away" engine. Famous Fluid Drive smooths out

all your starts and stops even in heavy traffic.

And year after year you'll experience the ruggedness that has made Dodge famous . . . the dependability that is bound to save you money mile after mile in lower upkeep costs and trouble-free operation.

Take a "Magic-Mile" ride today. You owe it to yourself—and to your pocketbook—to find how easy it is to own and drive a new Dodge now!

New Bigger Value

DODGE

*Just a few dollars more
than the lowest-priced cars*

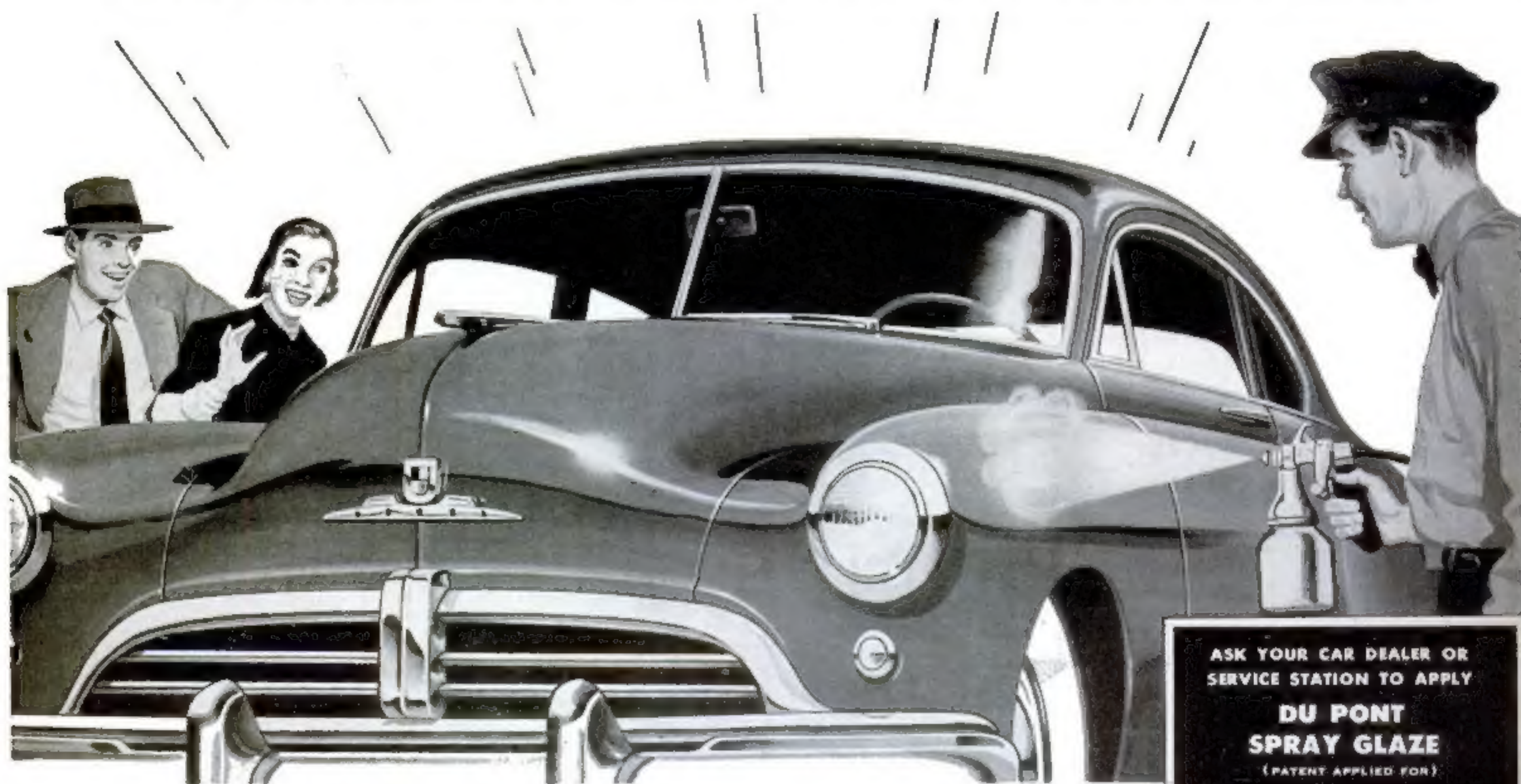


Look for this sign...
Get this Amazing
Car Beauty Treatment!



New Du Pont Spray Glaze OUTSHINES...OUTLASTS

outdoes the best wax job...yet costs no more



IT'S THE AMAZING new automobile beauty treatment that's sprayed on...from bumper to bumper. Du Pont Spray Glaze (patent applied for) is a completely new product of Du Pont chemistry. It is not a paint—not just a polish...not just another wax. Applied by a professional operator with a high-pressure spray gun, Du Pont Spray Glaze is available now at many service stations and car dealers.

Complete protection; brighter gloss! This new process puts a hard, durable glaze on every inch of the finish...including chromium and those quick-to-rust spots seldom reached by ordinary waxing and polishing. Spray Glaze brings back "show-room" shine on old finishes...gives new finishes almost unbelievable lustre!

Lasting, all-weather treatment! Du Pont Spray Glaze keeps your

finish shining despite tough weather punishment. A few flicks with a soft cloth take off ordinary dust; a quick washing brings back the gleam on badly spattered finishes.

For a brighter, longer-lasting shine...more complete protection...treat your car to Du Pont Spray Glaze. Look for the Spray Glaze sign in your neighborhood! E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Wilmington 98, Delaware.

ASK YOUR CAR DEALER OR
SERVICE STATION TO APPLY

**DU PONT
SPRAY GLAZE**

(PATENT APPLIED FOR)

Here's what the Du Pont
Spray Glaze process includes:

1. Washing your car with dirt-dissolving Du Pont Car Wash.
2. Thorough pre-cleaning with safe, approved Du Pont Spray Glaze Cleaners.
3. Complete bumper-to-bumper protection with brilliant Du Pont Spray Glaze.

SPRAY GLAZE is the newest addition to Du Pont's famous No. "7" Line.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY



BIGGER BARGAIN



The telephone takes a smaller part of the family budget than in 1939...

One of the attractive and remarkable things about telephone service is its low price.

It actually takes a smaller part of the family budget than it did ten or eleven years ago. That's because the average family income has increased much more than the increase in telephone rates. Even though increases in telephone rates are still needed to catch up with past increases in costs, your telephone will continue to be a big bargain. The increases so far, plus those now requested, average only a penny or so per call.

At the same time, there has been a big increase in the value of the telephone. On the average, you can now call more than twice as many telephones in your local area as in 1939.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Yes NO WRINKLES

WEMBLEY Nor-East* Non-Crush* Ties

For the Man
in Her Life



Blue Harmony

in new, imported Priestley's
NOR-EAST* NON-CRUSH*
worsted and mohair.
Woven in England

World's
Longest-Wearing
Tie.

- CRUSH IT!
- TWIST IT!
- KNOT IT!
- NOT A WRINKLE!

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Nor-East* Ties
now on sale at
your favorite store.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

A-BOMB FALLACIES

Sirs:

Admiral Strauss has the backing of the U.S. in his view ("Some A-Bomb Fallacies Exposed," *LIFE*, July 24) that we cannot have "atomic disarmament by gentlemen's agreement." A fine article indeed!

HARRY F. BYRD JR.
Editor

Winchester Evening Star
Winchester, Va.

Sirs:

In justice to my Princeton colleague, Dr. Harold Sprout, whose likeness was identified as me in your article of July 24, I feel impelled to protest the error. I am certain you must already have heard from him, and vehemently.

HENRY F. DEWOLF SMYTH
Atomic Energy Commission
Washington, D.C.

● *LIFE*'s thanks to Dr. Smyth for his letter, to Dr. Sprout for his forbearance.—ED.



DR. SPROUT

DR. SMYTH

WHY ARE WE TAKING A BEATING?

Sirs:

I doubt very much if there are very many men who have ever been in the infantry or associated with it who can look at Mydans' pictures ("It's One Ration, Save it, Boys," *LIFE*, July 24) without getting the uneasy, ghostlike sensation of actually being in the photographs themselves. It has a nerve-touching familiarity with all the various aspects of ground fighting that hurts. . . .

SAMUEL A. STAFFORD
Newport Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

. . . I think it would be good psychological medicine if the picture of the murdered soldier could be hung over the desk of every American—as a shocking reminder that national security can never be bought cheaply.

C. P. HASELTINE, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I certainly dislike *LIFE*'s method of exploiting a picture of a dead GI to further a political end. . . .

GEORGE F. GOTTSCHALK
Kensington, Md.

Sirs:

I hope you will continue to speak out frankly and that other magazines and newspapers follow your lead.

LOUISE S. BATES
Sandia Park, N. Mex.

Sirs:

To most Americans democracy means that the two groups, the people and the government, are interchangeable—that praise for their successes and criticism for their failures in the long run are shared equally. Why blame Truman, Acheson and Johnson

only? Until the first Red tank crossed the 38th Parallel, the popular cry was for lower taxes and a reduced government budget in all departments, including Defense.

RICHARD A. GRIMLEY
Yardley, Pa.

UTE INDIAN JACKPOT

Sirs:

. . . Perhaps one reason the Utes have been forgotten for so long is that Congress, like *LIFE* ("Ute Indians Hit a \$31.7 Million Jackpot," July 24), may not know Fort Duchesne is in Utah.

MARIANA PEIRCE LONG
Scarsdale, N.Y.

● Now *LIFE* knows it but does not feel qualified to speak for Congress.—ED.

JOHNSON OR ACHESON?

Sirs:

Congratulations on your editorial (*LIFE*, July 24). I realize how difficult it must be to conduct a successful government under the criticism these men are receiving, but the fact remains that we were caught shorthanded in Korea when we didn't have to be.

JAMES H. PATTON
Dalton, Ga.

Sirs:

. . . Your magazine has done excellent service for some years in emphasizing the importance to us of Asia, but a serious disservice in pretending that the problems of Asia are simple black and white—Chiang Kai-shek or the Communists.

WALTER WATKINS
Laurel, Miss.

Sirs:

After reading your views about Acheson, I suggest you transfer my subscription to McCarthy.

FRANK DUNN
Brunswick, Ga.

Sirs:

How do the President of the United States and Secretary Acheson continue to hold their jobs?

We all know that if an employee in private business should make a few of the mistakes of Truman and Acheson he would immediately lose his job.

MRS. HAROLD HOLTZ
Crystal Lake, Ill.

Sirs:

Your "Check List of Errors" cites steps which, in the light of today's news, seem obvious mistakes, but which were taken in situations that made them inevitable. As it includes some seriously misleading statements, the grave indictments which it supports are not justified. For instance you refer to "the widespread attempt, lasting from 1944 to 1947, of U.S. Far Eastern policy advisors to arm the Chinese Communists and to get them admitted to the government of China." In 1944, when we were still eagerly Lend-Leasing to Russia, would not any patriotic American have wanted to arm people who would fight Japs? You further state that the Yalta Agreement, providing for Russian entry into the war against Japan, was completed at a time when "the U.S. already had the atomic bomb and . . . Japan was already beaten in any case." The Yalta Agreement took place in February 1945: the atomic bomb was not tested (at Alamogordo) until July

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8


The most adored patterns have these



New SPRING GARDEN

They're Holmes & Edwards, of course,
the different finer kind of
silverplate that's Sterling Inlaid
to stay lovelier far, far longer!

YOUTH

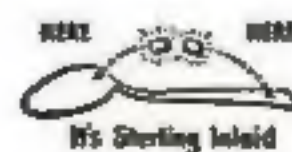
Two blocks of sterling silver 
are inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles
of the most-used spoons and forks
to guard this silverplate's beauty.

DANISH PRINCESS

And Holmes & Edwards Silverplate
is Sterling Inlaid but not sterling-priced!
Services for eight start as low as \$49.95,
and you pay no Excise Tax!

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ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U. S. A.

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Top Tire Value, too!"

That's the kind of regular tire service you get at your Mobilgas dealer's!

It's dependable, nationwide—right where you get your favorite gas and oil.

It's thorough—includes: proper inflation; inspection for cuts, bruises, replacement of worn tires with famous Mobil De Luxe Cushion Tires.

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Tires

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Every Time

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Any Time



See Your Friendly
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

16, 1945 and not used (at Hiroshima) until August 6. As for Japan's being "beaten," the conference was concluded before we had attacked Iwo Jima or Okinawa: if in fact Japan was then beaten, the 65,000 American casualties at both places were unnecessary. ...

W. T. BISSELL

Collinsville, Conn.

Sirs:

The unfortunate state of affairs in Korea proves Acheson was right in surmising that the native forces opposing the march of Russian-backed Communists in Asia were too weak to hold out, even with American aid. If he judged that the American people would not be willing to pay the ultimate price for halting Communism in Asia, i.e. the participation and sacrifice of American boys, and the expenditure of many billions on arms, he judged as most informed people have. It is still far from certain that he judged wrongly.

EDGAR H. LEONI

New York, N.Y.

BOY SCOUT JAMBOREE

Sirs:

Your Jamboree story (LIFE, July 24) gave me a fine warm feeling. How wonderful it was that the boy's strong desire to make that trip was so successful.

ARNOLD BLACKMAN

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

The Montana Scout must be in a rut. Everywhere else in the U.S. Scouts are required to qualify for a total of only 21 merit badges for Eagle.

GEORGE CHARBONNEAU

Dayton, Ohio

● Though Scout Petersen has 24 merit badges, he is still short on some badges like life saving and pioneering which are required for Eagle rank.—ED.

THE GUNFIGHTER

Sirs:

Your "Movie of the Week" (LIFE, July 24) on fictitious Jimmie Ringo overlooked the interesting fact that in the 1880s there actually was a very rapid Texas gunfighter known as John Ringo, a predatory habitué of the more lethal frontier towns. Ringo was generally classified at or near the peak among the most prominent of the six-shooter gentry, alongside John Wes-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

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Get FAST RELIEF with this MEDICATED Powder!

No unmedicated powder can relieve your burning, stinging heat rash as Ammens Powder does!

For Ammens contains three famous medicinal ingredients—gives 3-way medicated skin care: (1) It soothes, relieves and helps heal irritated skin. (2) Its extra softness protects and cushions sore skin, and so promotes healing. (3) Its extra fluffy texture gives cooling relief. For real medicated skin care, get genuine Ammens Medicated Powder at any drug counter today.



FREE trial size can. Write today to Dept. L-802, Bristol-Myers Co., Hillside, N. J. (Offer limited to U.S.A.)

AMMENS
Medicated Powder

TUMS Help bring NATURAL SLEEP

Don't take sleeping pills or habit-forming drugs when you can't sleep. Take a couple of Tums before retiring. Tums neutralize heartburn, gas of acid indigestion that frequently cause sleepless nights. Soothe, sweeten stomach so you can go to sleep quickly; sleep all night—wake up in the morning feeling wonderfully refreshed. Get Tums from your druggist today. Only 10¢ a roll; 3 roll package a quarter.



for the tummy

Try
a
25¢
Box

NEED A LAXATIVE TOO?

Nature's Remedy
FOR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW
ALRIGHT

Calm & Cool Breakfasts!

Skip out of the kitchen fast these hot mornings! Yet treat your family to the freshest of all Corn Flakes—Kellogg's. Delicious breakfast main dish... the "power" of corn and its whole-kernel richness in iron, niacin, vitamin B1!

Frosted Honey 'n' Milk Surprise: Beat ¼ cup honey with 1 pint milk. Freeze in ice tray. That's all! Super with crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes and milk. Pretty, too—see cereal bowl picture!



Good for John! "For bedtime snacks, my young John surely loves Kellogg's Corn Flakes. And it's good nourishment a growing child needs!" writes Mrs. Edwin Mayfield of Hickman, Ky.

Rainbow Pie in dainty Corn Flakes crust.

For crust: Crush 4 cups of Kellogg's Corn Flakes in a folded towel, then crush fine with rolling pin. Add 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ cup melted butter or margarine. Mix well. Press into 9" pie pan. Chill, or bake in mod oven (350°F.) about 10 minutes. **For rainbow filling:** Drain syrup from No. 2 can of canned Fruit Cocktail. To ½ cup of syrup, add 1 envelope of plain gelatine. Heat remaining 1 cup syrup to boiling point; add gelatine mixture, stir til dissolved. Cool til thick and syrupy. Fold in drained fruit and juice of 1 lemon. Fill crust, top with whipped cream. Chill well.



"Watching your weight?" asks Betty Betz, famous newspaper columnist for teen-agers. "Then, note—students in a well-known university discovered that a good breakfast made them feel better than a 'just coffee breakfast' yet added no weight. You see, in the morning it's natural to use food-energy, not to store it! Enjoy your fruit and nourishing Kellogg's Corn Flakes... and feel fitter!"

Open! Open! "My three enjoy opening their own packages in Kellogg's VARIETY. A different breakfast every day!" finds Mrs. James F. Kelly, Jr. of Bethesda, Md. Yes, 10 choices of 7 famous favorites. And most every box is a Kel-Bowl-Pac... eat right out of it! Handy for motor trips, dandy for camping!



Initialed! "Words can't describe the thrill of getting Kellogg's initialed Signature Silverware. I'm adding pieces constantly!" writes Mrs. W. T. Coleman of Roanoke, Va. Yes, start with 4 lovely Signature teaspoons—only 75¢ with the white-star end from Kellogg's VARIETY. See package. Begin a beautiful set!

NO FOOLING, SO COOLING!

Fresh as a breeze—served in a shake—and so nourishing!



From mountains to seashore—

Wherever we may roam,
Here's 10 cooling favorites
That taste just like home!

10-box choice of
7 cereal favorites

Mother Knows Best!



Specially new...
 specially wonderful...
 (specially for tonight's dessert!)



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Enjoy this delightful treat tonight . . . luscious,
 fresh raspberries in creamy Lady Borden Ice Cream!

Ready for you in the round, Burgundy package
 where you see the Borden ice cream sign.

Lady Borden
BLACK RASPBERRY
Ice Cream

Fast help for HEADACHE

Upset Stomach • Jumpy Nerves



When headache hits, do as millions do. Take Bromo-Seltzer right away for fast help. Not only for the pain of headache but also for the upset stomach and jumpy nerves that often go with it.

Quick! Pleasant! Bromo-Seltzer effervesces with split-second action, ready to go to work at once. Caution: Use only as directed.

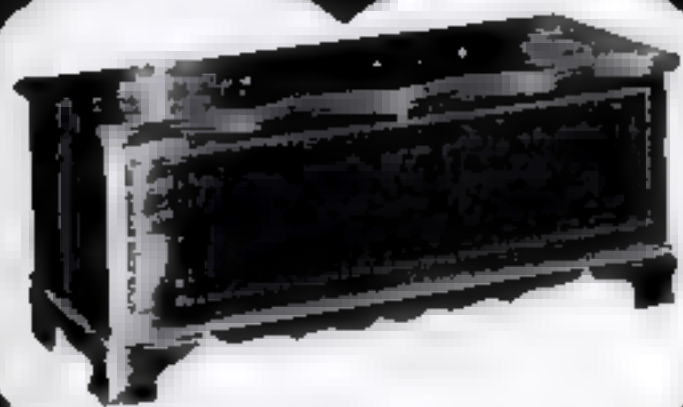
Proof of popularity: Today more people than ever use Bromo-Seltzer. You must be satisfied or your money back!

Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drug store, fountain or counter today. It's a product of the Emerson Drug Co. since 1887.



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LANE
Love-Gift Values



No. 2523 Fine Mahogany veneers, rubbed to satin finish. Shaped top edge lends new interest to this 18th Century design. With Lane Tray.

Choose Now the Love-Gift she'll cherish... sweetheart, mother, wife, sister, daughter. Buy now—get this big saving—take until Christmas to pay!

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THE LANE COMPANY, Inc., Altavista, Va.
Write Attention Dept. L39 for information, if desired.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Icy Hardin, Bill Hickok, etc. His chief accomplishment appears to have occurred in Tombstone, Ariz., where he invited U.S. Marshal Wyatt Earp and/or his two brothers to "step out in the street" to settle certain differences. All three Earps sensibly refused, which in itself is a tribute both to Ringo's six-gun proficiency and the Earps' sound judgment.

BILL DAVIDSON

Madison, Ind.

Sirs:

Your movie story shows Jimmie Ringo beating an aggressor to the draw. How could he draw a gun from the right-hand holster with his left hand and beat anyone to the draw?

W. I. LEARY

Ft. Collins, Colo.

Easy Jimmie Ringo, like Wes Hardin and "Wild Bill" Hickok, two of the deadliest gunmen in the old West, was fast on a cross-draw.—ED.

FRENCH MODELS IN U.S.

Sirs:

Not every French mannequin shares your two Paris models' dreams of a New York holiday ("French Models Thrive in U.S.," LIFE, July 24). In June I took this shot of Glys Thellier (geeze tell-yeah) vacationing in Nice. Nineteen-year-old Glys placed third in the 1950 Miss France contest, and was perfectly happy to vacation on the Riviera.

Here's my "bravo" for a model who is bent on making good in her own sunny France.

BOB LAUBACH

New York, N.Y.



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General Electric Co., Syracuse, New York

You can put your confidence in

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"MAYBE HE WON two 'love' sets—but there's no 'lovelight' in my eyes for him with that Dry Scalp! His hair looks so messy and wild... and it probably sheds loose dandruff, too. I'd better give him some good advice about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic... and right now!"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



SEE FOR YOURSELF! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic checks Dry Scalp quickly, easily! Just a few drops a day relieve dryness... unsightly loose dandruff... by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Gives your hair that neat, natural, handsome look. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It's economical... a little goes a long way.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ®

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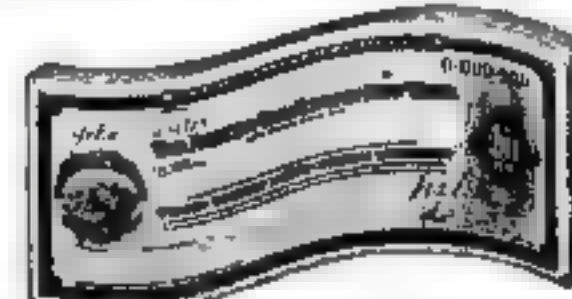
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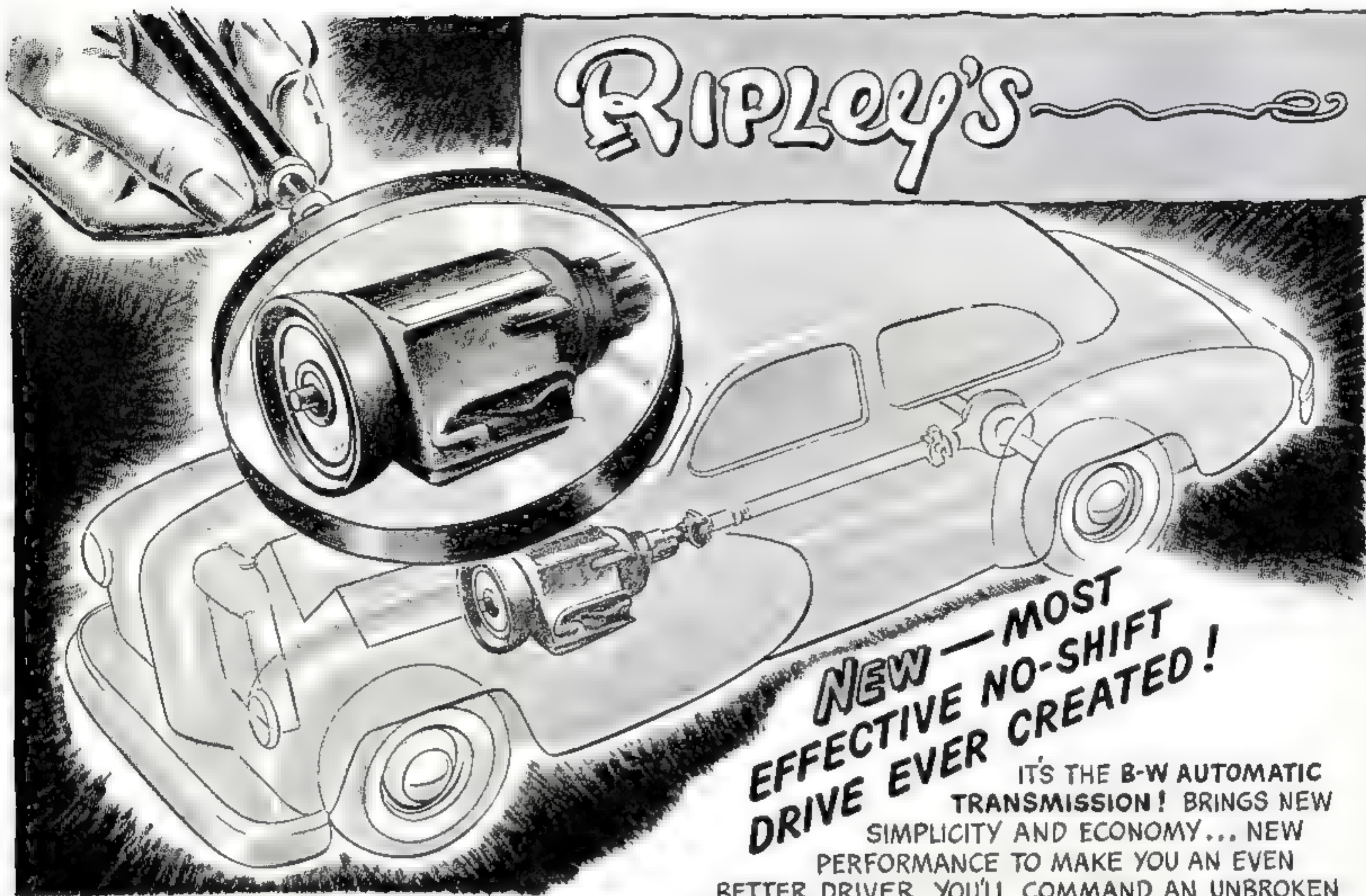


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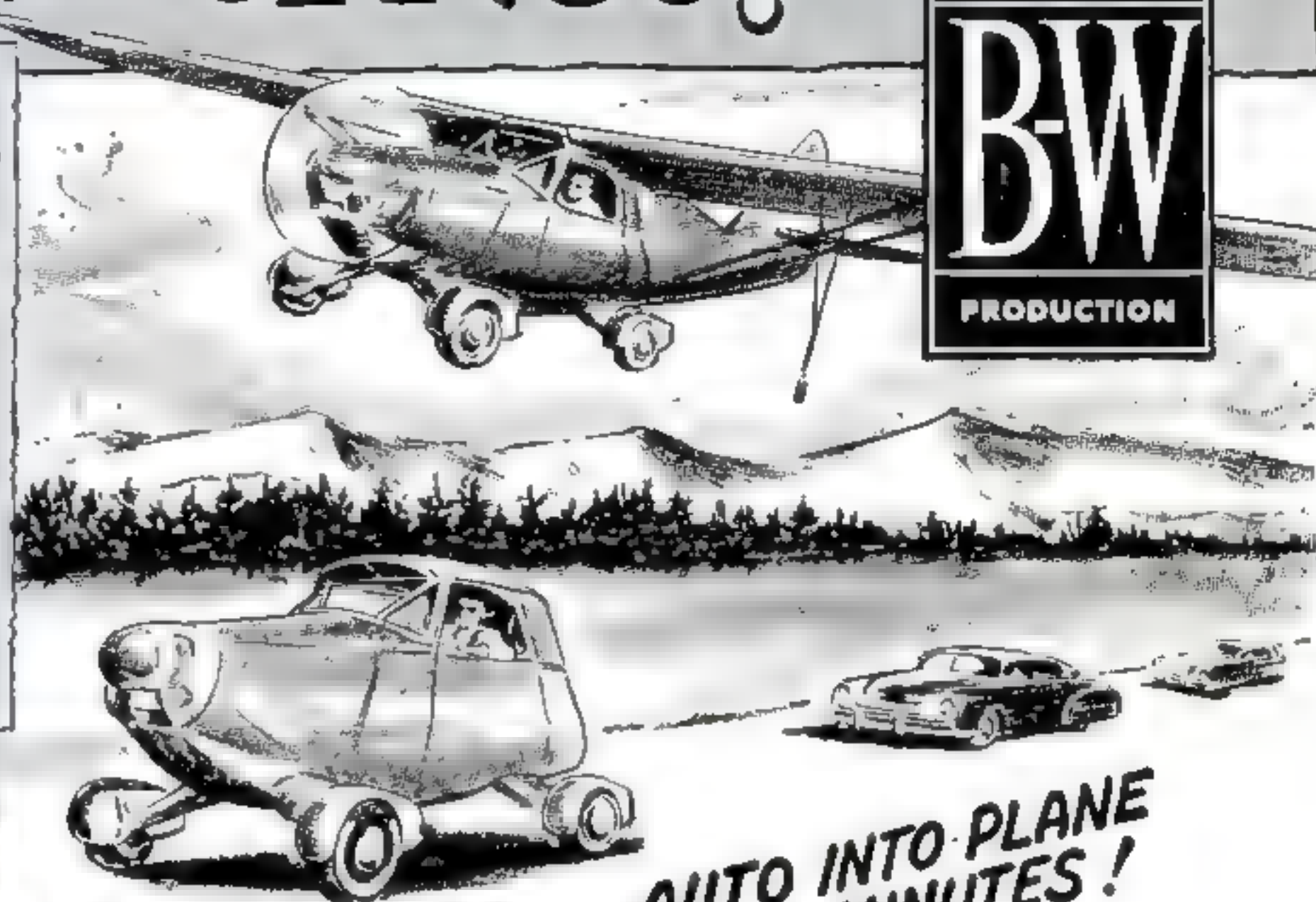
Believe It or Not!



**DELIVERING FLAMING DEATH TO WEEDS...
REDUCING ENGINE REVOLUTIONS IN "SHIFTLESS"
DRIVING... TAKING THE SUN OUT OF SUNLIGHT!**

IN SO MANY WAYS, B-W INGENUITY AND SKILL
TOUCH THE LIFE OF ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN
EVERY DAY.*

*FOR EXAMPLE: 19 OUT OF THE 20 MAKES OF MOTORCARS
CONTAIN ESSENTIAL PARTS BY **BORG-WARNER**.
EVERY COMMERCIAL PLANE AND MANY SHIPS AFLOAT
HAVE ABOARD VITAL B-W EQUIPMENT. 9 OUT OF 10
FARMS SPEED FOOD PRODUCTION WITH B-W EQUIPPED
IMPLEMENTS. AND MILLIONS ENJOY THE OUTSTANDING
ADVANTAGES OF B-W HOME EQUIPMENT AND APPLIANCES.



**AUTO INTO PLANE
IN 5 MINUTES!**

WINGS, TAIL AND
A PROPELLER "BUTTON ON"
TO THIS REVOLUTIONARY VEHICLE IN
5 MINUTES. AND NO TOOLS NEEDED. IT CRUISES HIGHWAYS
AT 60 MILES AN HOUR... SKYWAYS AT TWICE THAT SPEED.
AS IN SO MANY CONVENTIONAL AUTOS AND PLANES, THE
DRIVE SYSTEM WHICH CARRIES POWER FROM THE ENGINE
INCLUDES SPECIAL FLEXIBLE JOINTS FROM B-W'S
MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT DIVISION.

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EVICTED AT
MIDNIGHT!**

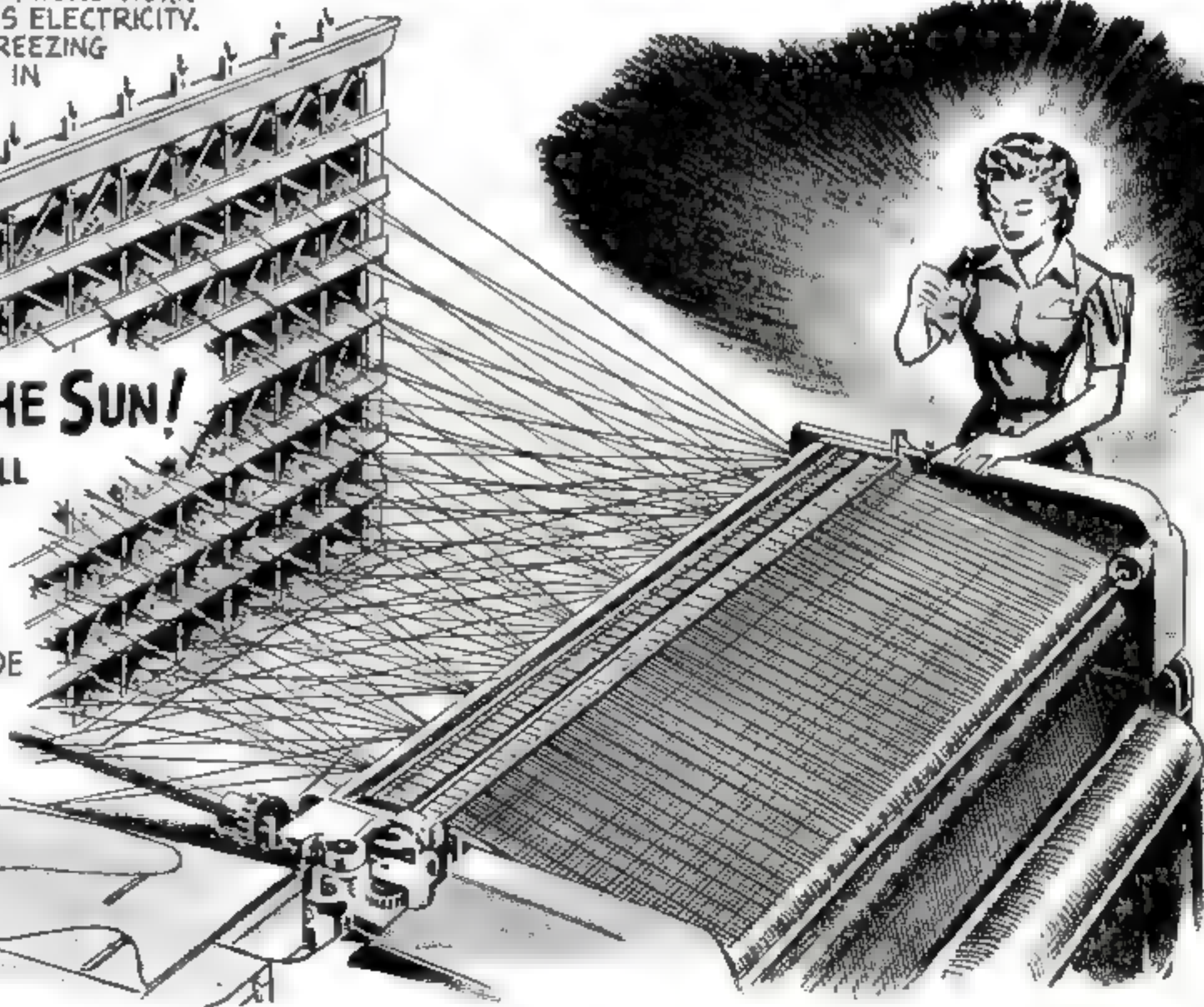
FROST MAKES
REFRIGERATORS WORK
OVERTIME... WASTES ELECTRICITY.

3/8 INCHES OF FROST ON THE FREEZING
UNIT IS LIKE 3 INCHES OF SOLID GRANITE IN
PREVENTING PROPER CHILLING OF FOOD. FAMOUS

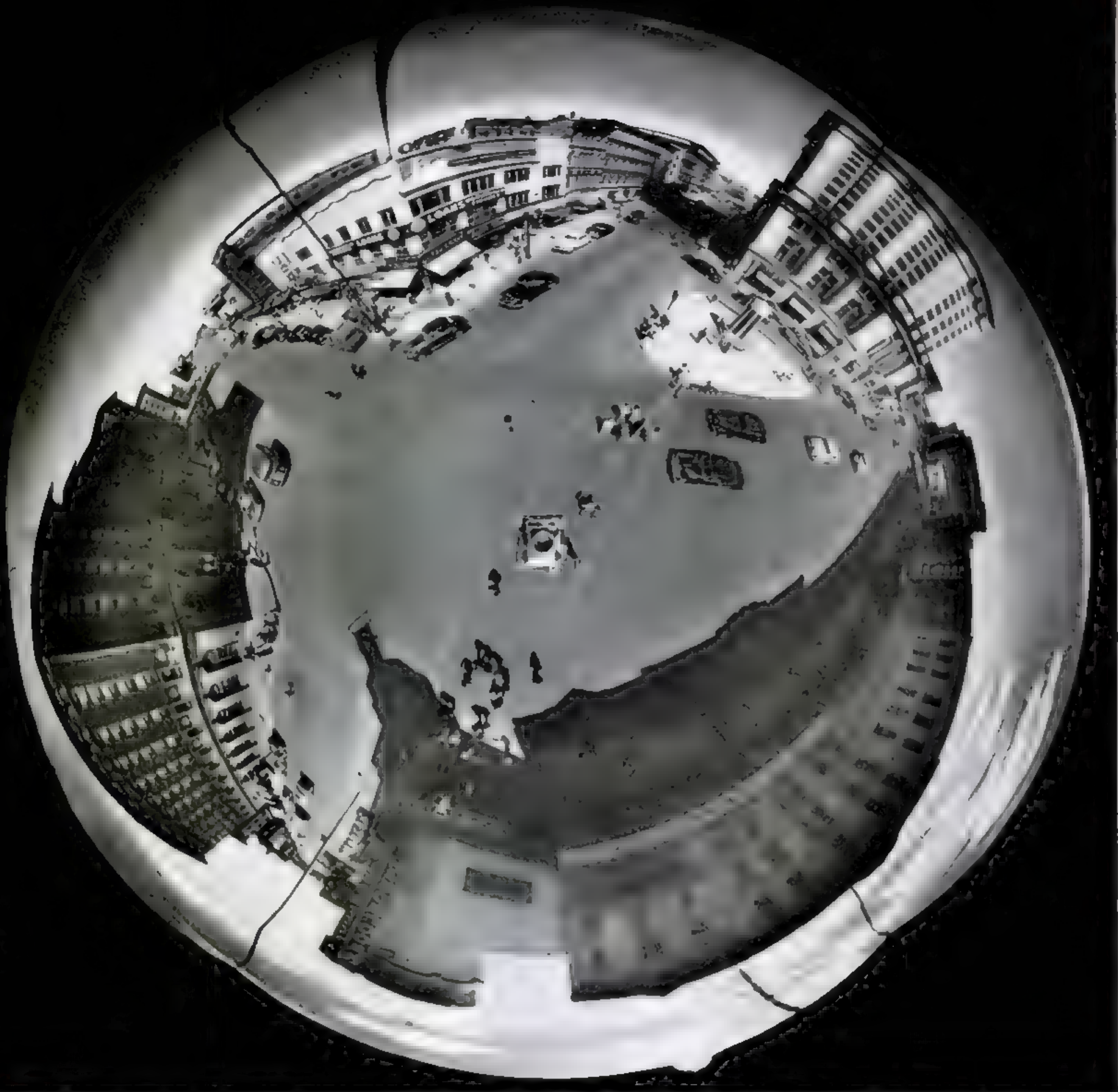
B-W NORGE REFRIGERATOR DRIVES OFF
FROST AUTOMATICALLY. EACH MIDNIGHT,
THE EXCLUSIVE NORGE SELF-D-FROSTER
DOES THE JOB WITHOUT
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AS DEFTLY AS WEAVING FABRIC, B-W'S INGERSOLL
WEAVES DURABLE METAL INTO KOOLSHADE, THE
WORLD'S MOST EFFECTIVE SUN SCREEN FOR
WINDOWS. ON SPECIAL LOOMS, THIN BRONZE
RIBBONS ARE SET AT SUCH AN ANGLE THAT THEY
DEFLECT THE SUMMER SUN'S HOT RAYS. KOOLSHADE
HOLDS DOWN ROOM TEMPERATURES AS MUCH AS
15°... BLOCKS INSECTS BUT NOT THE VIEW.
FOR FREE TEST SAMPLE, WRITE DEPT. KS.



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URBAN SCENE in the Grand Rapids business district, photographed in the silver ball, shows all four

corners of the city's main downtown intersection and gives a look in four directions at the same time.



UNDER BALL, camera is suspended from wires strung between two buildings at intersection above.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . Here is the result of gazing into a silver ball



SUBURBAN SCENE shows home, front yard with two families on the grass, backyard and view across

the street. Rooks and Malloy (both at left) made this shot and the one on opposite page by remote control.

Two Michigan photographers, Dale Rooks and John Malloy, are experimenting with a method for making pictures with a 280° spread, compared to the 210° covered by the widest-angle camera lens (LIFE, July 19, 1948). They found out how to do it after Rooks was assigned to photograph the interior of a new store. First he tried the conventional approach, taking several pictures and piecing them together. Dissatisfied with the results, he tried a wide-angle

lens. The lens took in a lot of the store, but the photograph was darkened at the edges. Finally Rooks discussed his problem with Malloy and they found the answer in a large silver ball ordinarily used for garden decoration. By aiming the camera at the ball, the photographers got a picture which took in four walls, floor and most of the ceiling. Using their spherical "eye" on other subjects, they produced the ring around-the-horizon photographs shown on these pages.



OVER BALL, camera is focused by Malloy before he sits beside family and takes the home scene above.

July **READER'S DIGEST***
reports the same research
which proves that
brushing teeth right
after eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

**Better Than Any Other Way Of Preventing Tooth
Decay According To Published Reports!**



READ JULY READER'S DIGEST'S REPORT on one of the most extensive experiments in dental history! And remember these additional facts: The toothpaste used *exclusively* in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Two years' research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE OR POWDER—AMMONIATED OR NOT—OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS! Over a two-year period, leading scientists found no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate's correctly! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay!



ALWAYS USE
COLGATE'S TO CLEAN
YOUR BREATH WHILE
YOU CLEAN YOUR
TEETH—AND HELP
STOP TOOTH DECAY!

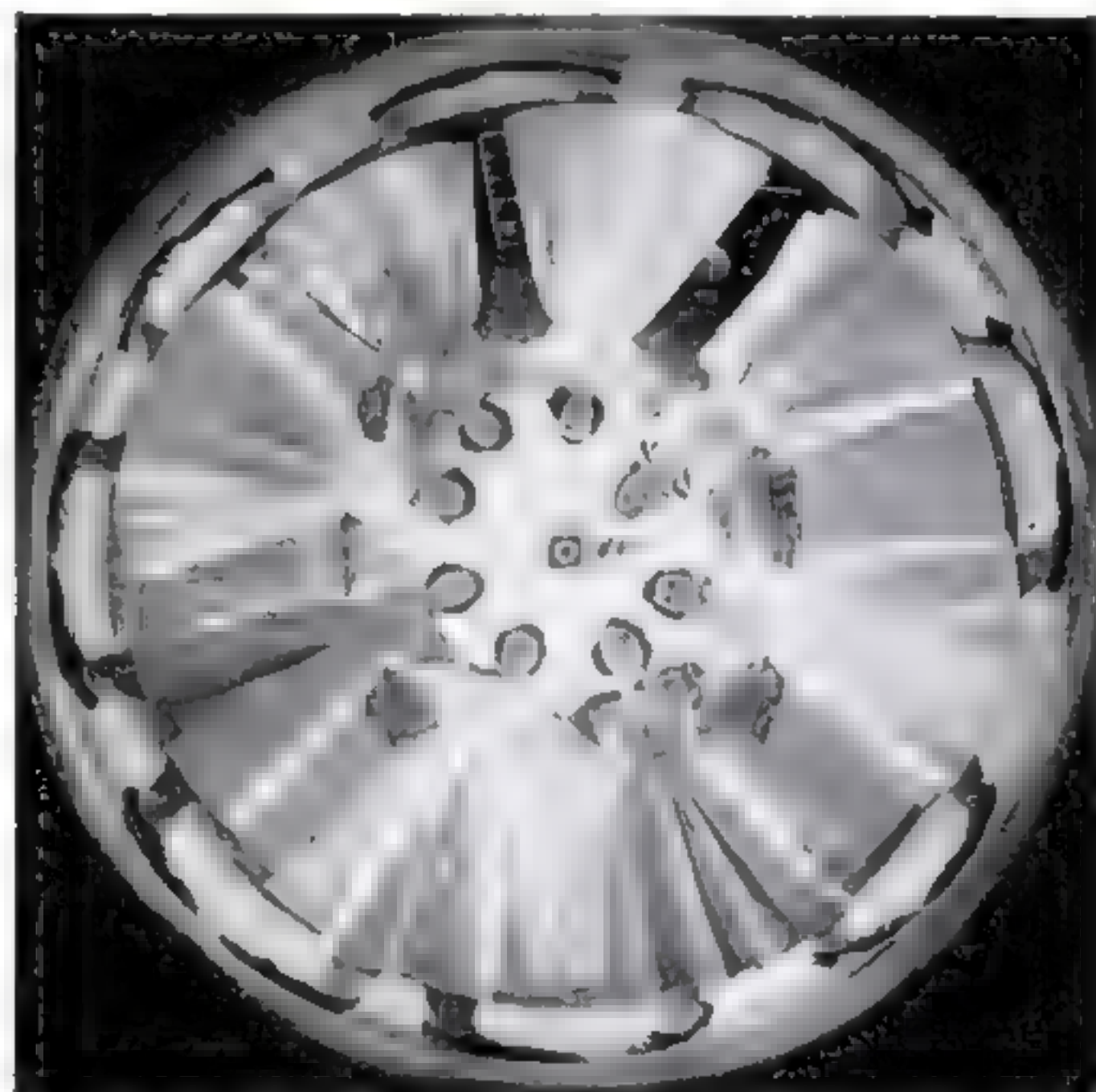


***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** Colgate Dental Cream, while not mentioned by name, was used *exclusively* in the research reported in Reader's Digest.

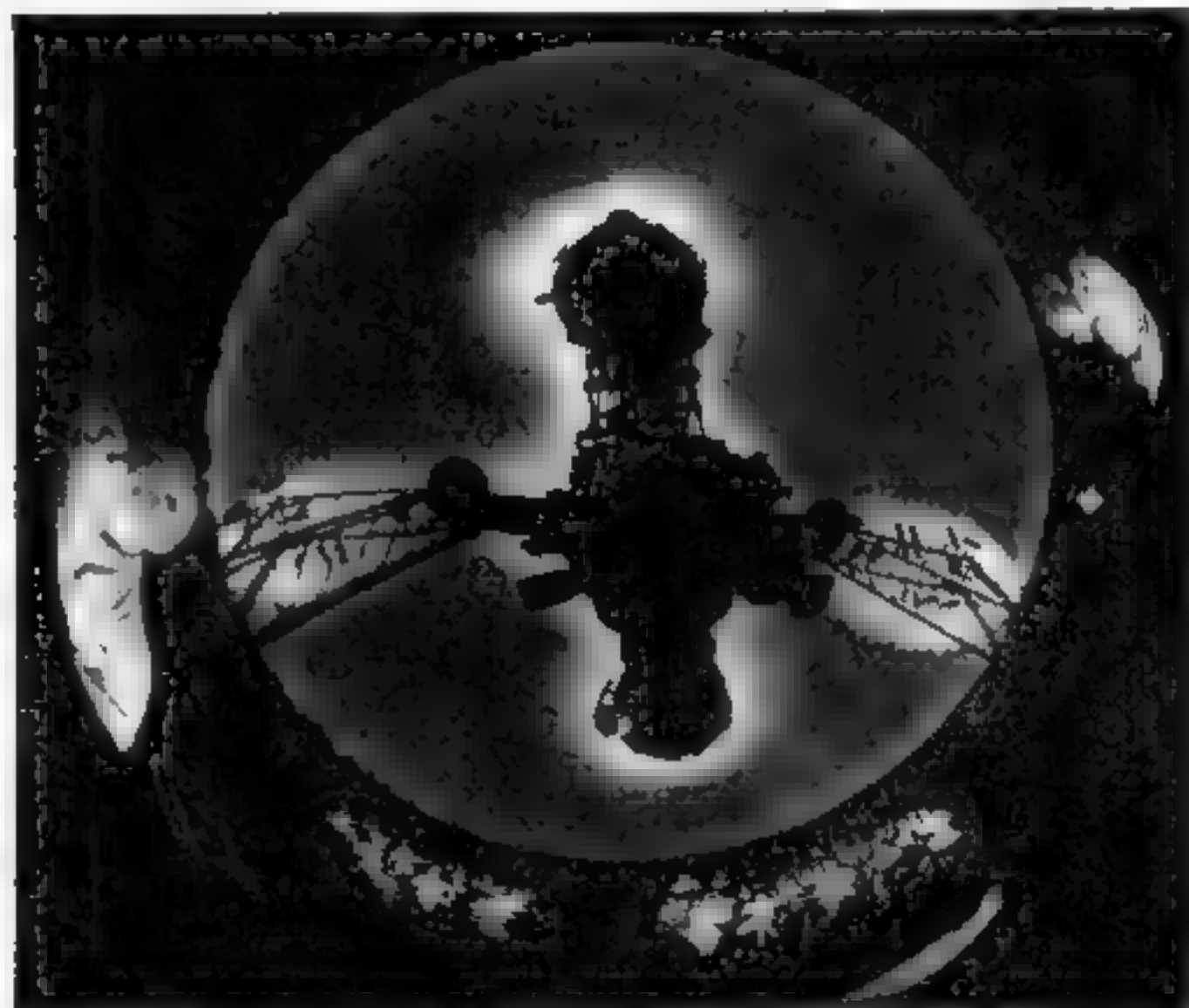
SILVER BALL CONTINUED



COY POSTURE of Model Lynne Waddell is one illusion produced by ball's curvature. She was standing erect, and man at right was sitting on the floor.



FOOTBALL HUDDLE by girls is actually shot from above them. The ball, resting on the rug, takes in girls from head to feet. Camera hangs from ceiling.



ABSTRACTION was made in Chicago planetarium and shows monsterlike projector in center, audience below. Rocks is at left, Malloy at upper right.



OSTRICH

ANGEL PIE

Englander alone
makes a mattress of
Airfoam* by **GOOD YEAR**



STREAMLINED

America wakes up to

THE NEW SLEEP



SLUMBERBUG

ON AN

Airfoam
MATTRESS



- NON-ALLERGIC, DUSTLESS
- COOL SLEEPING
- ALWAYS ODORLESS
- NEVER NEEDS TURNING
- HELPS PREVENT BODY ACHES
- NEVER SAGS OR LUMPS

Also available in wood rose stripe

...at a new low price...with a 20-YEAR guarantee!

Now you can get an Englander
Mattress of Goodyear's Airfoam for

\$59⁷⁵

This is the wonderful new mattress that is sleeping the country! It's genuine Airfoam—yet it costs no more than a good innerspring mattress. That's because Englander and Goodyear teamed up to develop it—put their heads together to bring America a brand-new standard of sleep. And what glorious sleep it is! Airfoam's millions of tiny air cells cradle you, suspend you, soothe you into the soundest, sweetest sleep of your life.

When used with Englander's special **Red-Line***
Foundation, whole unit guaranteed for 20 years

An Airfoam mattress requires a special type of support that ordinary box springs just cannot provide. To fill this need Englander engineers have designed a special foundation—the Englander Red-Line Foundation—made to order for Airfoam. So scientifically matched are they that we guarantee them for 20 years against any defects in material or workmanship when used together.

Both for the price of
a conventional mattress and box spring

\$119⁵⁰

Other Englander Red-Line mattresses and companion box springs (both twin and full size) from \$39.75 to \$79.75



All the proof you need. Just press down on Airfoam. Feel how it molds itself to your hand, responds with a buoyant "uplift."

No other foundation works like this. Joined only through the middle by flexible steel bands, each spring in the upper half is free to adjust individually to every move. Lower part acts as a unit, supports body in the firm, healthful manner doctors recommend.



*TM The Englander Company, Inc. *TM The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
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Everybody knows the



sign of good coffee



Products of General Foods

Wonderful in
Instant form too!

SWING YOUR PARTNER . . . and when the dance is done, call the turn for coffee—hearty, refreshing Maxwell House Coffee. Enjoy its friendly stimulation—its rich, mellow goodness. There's no other coffee with that "Good to the Last Drop" flavor, because no other coffee is made by the one-and-only Maxwell House recipe. A recipe that insists upon certain fine coffees blended a certain way to give you more satisfaction, more pleasure in every cup. That's why more people buy and enjoy Maxwell House than any other brand of coffee in the world.



Maxwell House . . . the one coffee with that "Good to the Last Drop" flavor!

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CONTENTS

THE WEEK'S EVENTS

COMMUNISTS WAGE WAR ON TWO FRONTS	22
EDITORIALS: PROGRAM FOR AMERICA	
TARGETS OF OPPORTUNITY	
OUR VAST RESOURCES	30
FIVE FIRESTONES SALUTE THEIR FATHER'S STATUE	31
THE WITNESSES HEAR THE WORD	32
WHAT MAY BE BIGGEST METEOR CRATER IS DISCOVERED	34
WHAT THE MARINE SAID TO THE GIRL	36
BELGIUM'S KING AGREES TO QUIT	39

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

THE MONTESQUIOUS	
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY JOHN PHILLIPS	78

ARTICLE

THE KON-TIKI ADVENTURE by THOR HEYERDAHL	90
--	----

CLOSE-UP

OUR PEG-LEG ADMIRAL	72
FROM LIFE'S CORRESPONDENTS IN WASHINGTON AND THE FAR EAST	

ART

ST. IVER	44
----------	----

MOVIES

SOMETHING FOR THE KIDS	61
------------------------	----

FASHION

CAMPUS STYLES	58
---------------	----

THEATER

IRMA IS A LADY	55
----------------	----

ARCHITECTURE

WASHINGTON SQUARE	68
-------------------	----

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS	8
SPEAKING OF PICTURES: HERE IS THE RESULT OF GAZING INTO A SILVER BALL	16
LIFE VISITS A COUNTRY HAYLOFT	108

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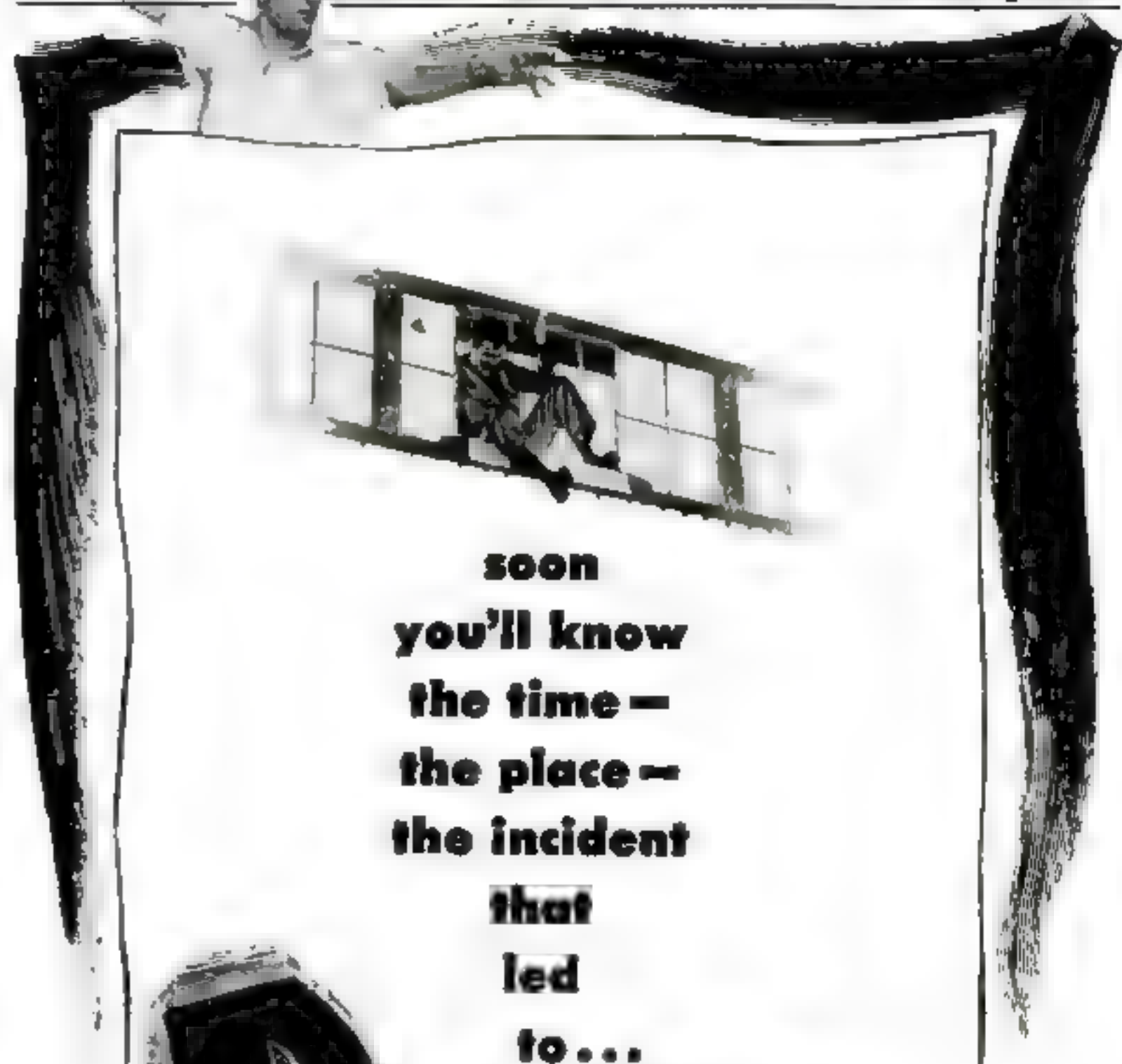
On the flag bridge of the Essex-class aircraft carrier *Valley Forge*, LIFE Photographer David Duncan took this picture of the only man in the U.S. Navy with two stars and one leg. Rear Admiral John Madison Hoskins lost his right foot during the battle of Leyte Gulf in 1944. Now, with surprising agility, he commands the carrier squadrons burning up the skies over Korea, where his pilots have rendered invaluable support to hard-pressed ground forces. The story of the airmen's exploits and those of their scrappy, peg-leg skipper ("Uncle John" to most of them) is told on pages 72 to 77.

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COVER—DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN	48. 41—MARK KAUFFMAN
8—LT. GEORGE KARGER FROM PIX	42—MARK KAUFFMAN EXC. SECOND FROM LT. ISRAEL SHENKER
11—BOB LAUBACH	44 THROUGH 47—MARK KAUFFMAN
16, 17, 18—DALE ROOKS AND JOHN MALLOY	51—WARNER BROS.
22, 23—SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO BY PFC. NEBBIA, RALPH MORSE	52, 53—WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS
24—WICK DE MORGOLI FROM PIX, A.P., RALPH MORSE	54—20TH CENTURY FOX
25—LT. RALPH MORSE: ST. A.P.—ACME—INT.—INT	55 THROUGH 57—NINA LEEM
26—DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN	58, 59—J. E. EYERMAN
27—CARL MYDANS EXC. MAP BY ANTHONY SODARD AND V. KINISMAN	60, 61, 70—WALTER SANDERS
28, 29—CARL MYDANS	71—WALTER SANDERS EXC. MAP BY ELMER SMITH COOS-TEST G. W. BRONLEY & CO.
31—HOWARD SOCHUBEK	72—DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN
32—RALPH MORSE	73—BOT., OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTO
33—ANTHONY LINER—RALPH MORSE, MARTHA HOLMES	74—INT.
34, 35—R. C. HERMES—GLOBE AND MAIL—MAP BY FRANK STOCKMAN—R. C. HERMES—GLOBE AND MAIL, J. E. EYERMAN, CHARLES M. BROWN, COURTESY THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, SOYFOTO	75—INT., DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN
36—LON H. WILSON FOR OAKLAND TRIBUNE	76, 77—THOR HEYERDAHL
39—TELENEWS FROM INT., MAX KETTEL—ACME	78—RALPH ROTLE FROM G.M.
	82 THROUGH 137—THOR HEYERDAHL
	138 THROUGH 142—A. FRED EISENSTADT FROM PIX

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Elia Kazan creates the **EXCITEMENT** of the year!



soon
you'll know
the time—
the place—
the incident
that
led
to...

PANIC IN THE STREETS



20th Century-Fox has created a new dimension of drama...in the chronicle of this event, its incidents, and the emotions of the people who were part of it!



Directed by ELIA KAZAN • Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL
Screen Play by Richard Murphy • Adaptation by Daniel Fuchs
From a Story by Edna and Edward Anhalt

LIFE

Vol. 29, No. 7 Aug. 14, 1950



A FRONT LINE AID STATION PROVIDES AN ANGUISHED PANORAMA OF WAR. SIGNAL CORPS PHOTOGRAPHER NEBBIA'S PICTURE SHOWS CHAPLAIN PRAYING



WAR ON TWO FRONTS

FIGHTING IN KOREA NEARS A BLOODY CRISIS

On the Korean front the war was six weeks old and looking more bitterly like war all the time. The Red drive to throw the Americans off the peninsula was approaching a crisis. American medics and chaplains sheltered their wounded behind the mud brick walls of Korean farmyards and buried their dead in mass graves (p. 29). But out of the hurts and the bitterness there came a cautiously hopeful note last week. It appeared in a dispatch from Korea.

TIME-LIFE Correspondent Frank Gibney cabled: "I feel for the first time that I can make the categorical assertion that it is now impossible for the North Koreans to push the U.S. forces out of Korea. In fact I strongly doubt whether the North Koreans will make further gains of any sizable extent. I think that this

period is a turning point in the Korean War.

"Of course if the Chinese Communists or Russians intervene in strength now, the beachhead could be lost. But barring this, I think we are at last on solid ground. The tremendous supply effort we have made is showing results. For the first time the Eighth Army has the luxury of having units which can be held in reserve."

If the hope is fulfilled, the U.N.'s battered GIs and their newly landed comrades (pp. 26, 27) may soon move west and north again across the rugged peninsula, retrieve their dead and some of their missing, recover some peace and the prestige of U.S. and U.N. But it was clear last week, too, that more costly fighting lay ahead, both in Korea and in the U.N., where a new front was formed by Soviet Russia (below).



MALIK (RIGHT) WHISPERS WITH CHIEF ADVISER TSAYAPKIN WHILE TRYGVE LIE SITS GRIMLY SILENT

RUSSIANS WAGE PROPAGANDA BATTLE IN U.N.

The second front opened in the Security Council of the U.N. It was the Soviet propaganda front. Its tactical commander, a sleek young deputy of sly old Generalissimo Josef Stalin, was Yakov Malik, the chief Russian delegate to the U.N. Malik, 44, a specialist in Oriental affairs, got fresh orders from Moscow after the U.N. voted to use force against the Soviets' aggressive North Korean puppets.

In January, Malik had marched out of the Security Council because it refused to admit the Chinese Communist government. Now, with stern face and fancy plans, he marched back in, saying only that he was going to assume the Council presidency for the month of August, under the U.N.'s rotation system.

The Malik offensive began with an effort to

blast China's present representatives out of the U.N. and bring in Chinese Communist reinforcements. Thrown back from that attack, Malik coolly opened a Korean "peace" offensive. His plan was to win a propaganda victory in Asia by using the U.N. as a sounding board and making it appear that the U.S. was the aggressor in Korea. For four days he fired boldly and tirelessly, shifting at will from the presidency of the Security Council to the command of Russia's U.N. propaganda force. Malik tied down the Security Council and prevented action on the real business at hand—condemnation of Communist aggression in Korea. And at the end of the week the patient forces of truth in the Security Council (pp. 24, 25) still had not worn down the brazen strength of Yakov Malik.

WHILE WOUNDED GET DRESSINGS AND PLASMA

THE WAR OF WORDS RAGES AT LAKE SUCCESS

By skillful vilification and by stalling for time, the Russians balk U.N. resolution on Korea

The pretty French secretary in the crowded, beige-colored delegates' lounge at the U.N. looked at the photographers, the reporters and the television cameras on the morning of Aug. 1 and said, "It's like a baseball game." In a way it was. Twenty thousand people had tried to get seats and there was room for only 541. Some might have come for the same reason that people crowd around a dog fight—they weren't disappointed. But those who had a faint notion that Russia's return might renew hope for world peace were brought up short. The news was that the Communists were using the U.N. to launch a deliberate, deadly campaign of propaganda designed to wreck U.S. prestige in Korea, the Far East and the world.



ON FIRST DAY TSIANG (LEFT) GETS A DIRTY LOOK FROM MALIK (RIGHT)

At 3:12 p.m. Malik called the first meeting to order and wasted no time getting down to business—strictly Soviet business. He attacked the Chinese delegation and ruled that they could not "take part in the meetings of the Security Council." He was leading up to an attempt to seat Red China instead. But only India and Yugoslavia supported the Russian move. Then China's delegate, Dr. Tingfu F. Tsiang, spoke.

DR. TSIANG: "I should like to protest strongly against the language the president has used in relation to me. I protest because the language of the president is inaccurate. I forgive the president partly because he probably used the language as a result of ignorance. . . . There is no other government [than mine] set up in China with the consent and approval of the Chinese people. My right to be here is beyond any dispute."

Then Warren R. Austin, U.S. delegate, reminded Malik that the "unfinished business" of the Council was the U.S.-sponsored agenda item, "Complaint of Aggression upon the Republic of Korea." In reply Malik made an 18-minute speech which echoed *Pravda's* charges that the U.S. was the aggressor in Korea. At this point the meeting was adjourned.

Calling the second day's meeting to order at 3:12 p.m., Malik recognized the delegate from the United Kingdom, Sir Gladwyn Jebb.



MALIK BITES HIS LIP AS BRITAIN'S GLADWYN GIVES HIM TONGUE LASHING



SIR GLADWYN: "I am sure we all welcome [Malik's] return . . . after his long absence. I hope this portends that [his] government has come to regret its desertion of the Council last January, and that we can in the future count on its sincere collaboration in the Council's proceedings. . . ."

"If we were to adopt the formula of the Soviet Union ['Peaceful Settlement of the Korean question'], all reference to aggression would disappear. Yet it is the act of aggression which is responsible for bringing this matter before the Council, and it is the main factor with which we have to deal. . . ."

"The very words 'peaceful settlement' in the mouth of the U.S.S.R. representative are sufficient to cause a certain anxiety. So far as I remember, there was a 'peaceful settlement' in Czechoslovakia in 1938 and again in 1948—'peaceful' in the sense that on those occasions not a shot was fired. The only doubt in the minds of other countries lay in the settlements themselves, for in the course of both those 'settlements' freedom died. This is not the sort of settlement which 52 nations desire to see established in Korea, and the overriding point is that it is a settlement which they are determined to resist."

This eloquent reply to Malik's doubletalk was the high point of the second day. On the third day Malik began with a 38-minute speech:



MALIK WAVES A PHOTOGRAPH AND AUSTIN OF U.S. ADJUSTS EARPHONES



MALIK: "... Here are these photographs. . . . On them . . . [is] Mr. Dulles . . . in a trench south of the 38th Parallel surrounded by American military advisers and officers of the South Korean army and Syngman Rhee's puppet government. Hardly anyone . . . will believe [he was] there to pick violets. . . . This photograph proves that the U.S. government's aggression in Korea is the outcome of a long-prepared plan. . . . The Security Council must make its choice: it must either decide to continue and intensify the war . . . or it must decisively alter its course and follow the path of peaceful settlement . . . headed by the Soviet Union and . . . the great Stalin."

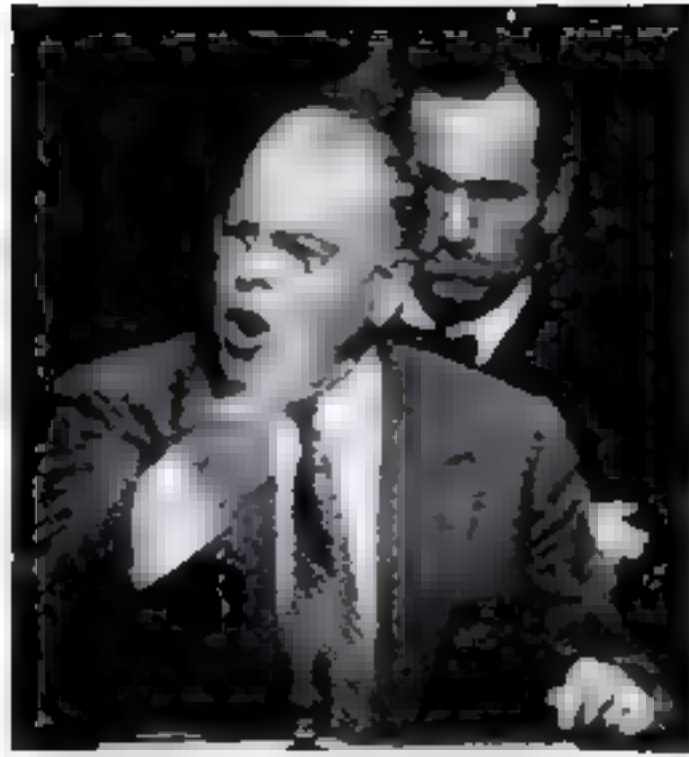


EGYPT'S FAWZI DEMANDS ACTION; INDIA'S RAU SEEKS A COMPROMISE



SIR BENEGAL N. RAU: "... My delegation regards the peaceful and honorable settlement of the Korean conflict as the paramount need of the hour. . . . My delegation is in favor of adding the item proposed by the U.S. without excluding the other [Russian] items."

MAHMUD FAWZI BEY: "... It is with no feeling of pride and in no mood of optimism that I point out that on Aug. 1 we established a record by exhausting a whole long meeting without doing even as little as adopting our agenda. On Aug. 2 we beat our own record by going through another long and tedious meeting without adopting the agenda. Today, we are about to repeat the same performance. I hope that will not happen. . . ."

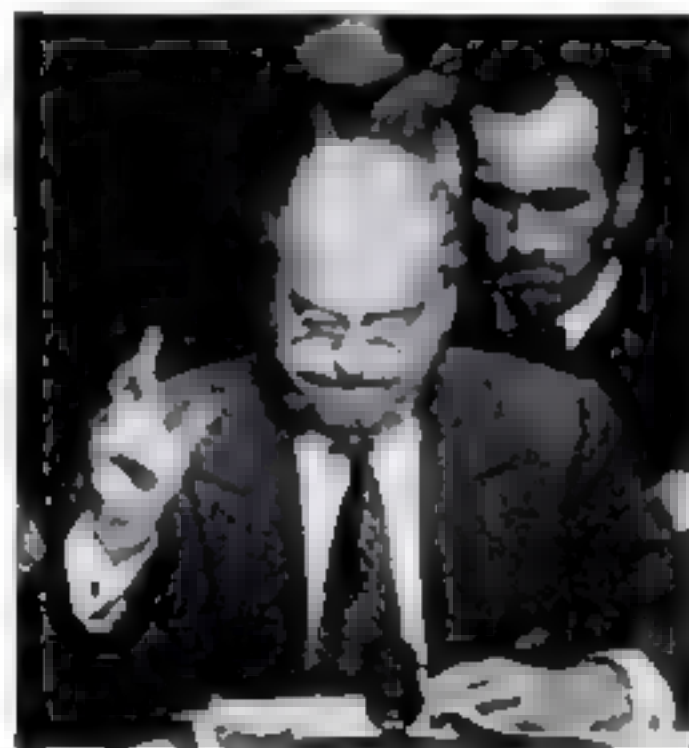


AUSTIN: "THIS RUSSIAN STATEMENT HAS A NEW KIND OF ATTACK IN IT"

AUSTIN: "... While the sons of members of this organization are over there under the flags of their own nationalities and countries and fighting also under the blue and white banner of the U.N. and while we in the Security Council have introduced a resolution that would aid and help them ... what do we have interrupting [the work of the Council]: a speech by the president who ... is out of order. ...

"We are tired, and I think the whole world is tired, of these obvious and shameless travesties of the realities with which we in this room are supposed to deal. Surely the time for that sort of thing has passed and the matters we are dealing with today are too tragic and too real to be served by any preoccupation with propagandistic distortions. ...

"My government sees no need and feels no desire to attempt today to fill with any more words of its own the immense abyss which lies between the statements of the representative of the Soviet Union and the facts of this situation as they are known the world over and as they were reported by a United Nations commission. We doubt if the representative of the Soviet Union genuinely desires an examination by this Council of the question [of] whose design and whose command brought about the unleashing of this new wave of tragedy and bloodshed which has overtaken the international community. Inadvertently, he might expose the villain. ..."



"LET US HAVE A REGARD FOR THE TRUTH AND A PROPER USE OF FREEDOM"

SIR GLADWYN: "... No amount of photographs of Mr. Dulles in a trench—and I only wish there had been more trenches—no repetition of arguments which a child could refute ... can obscure the patent fact that it was the North Korean troops who, in large numbers and heavily armed, crossed the frontier last June 24 and overran the territory of a government which had been established by the United Nations."

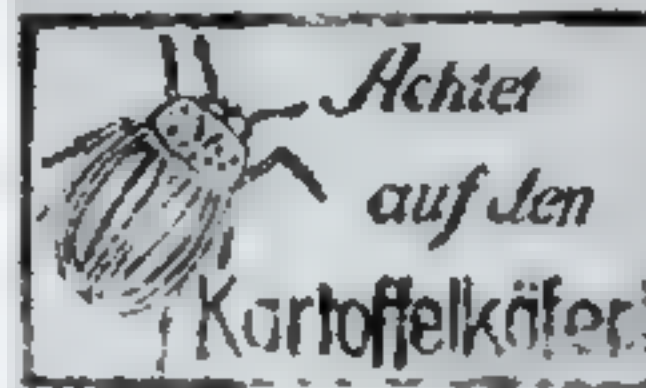
After all this talk, it was almost anticlimactic when the Security Council actually got around to voting in favor of discussing the U.S. resolution on Korea and rejecting the Soviet "peace" resolution. On the fourth day Malik came back with another Red resolution which asked for the seating of the Chinese Communists, even though a similar move had been defeated the day before. Simultaneously he asked that delegates from North as well as South Korea be invited to sit at the Security Council table before the U.S. resolution was discussed.

By this new trick a sticky web of parliamentary procedure was wound more and more tightly around the Security Council. In four days of multilingual discussion, in which nearly 150,000 words were spoken, the 11-man Security Council still had not gotten its teeth into the complaint of Red aggression in Korea. And Russia, while it had won no ballots, clearly was winning at least a stalemate in the battle of words.

REDS AIM PROPAGANDA IN ALL DIRECTIONS



IN LONDON, *The Daily Worker* published this picture of "American prisoners" being marched through North Korea's capital, P'yongyang. The photo was released by Chinese Communist news agency in Peiping.



IN EASTERN GERMANY, Soviet-controlled postal service stamps envelopes with the "potato bug" (above) which the Reds charge is being sowed by American airplanes to totally destroy Germany's crops.



IN PHILIPPINES, Huk leader Luis M. Taruc, a top Communist, counters government reports of his death by displaying a Manila newspaper bearing a current headline: "TRUMAN OKAYS USE OF TROOPS."



IN RED HUNGARY, a million dollars was "collected" for a "peace defense movement," which sent this 200-bed hospital train—decorated with Lenin's picture—eastward to help the North Korean Red army.



IN BATTLE DRESS grim-looking members of 1st Marine Division arrive at port of Pusan. They wear

camouflaged helmets that were standard equipment in jungle warfare against the Japanese and carry

assault weapons. Among new recruits some two of noncommissioned officers were combat veterans.



HEADED FOR FRONT the Marines board trains at Pusan, where their uniforms drew Korean stares. They brought along their own air group as support.

THE MARINE LANDING...

Some badly needed reinforcements reach Korea with a full complement of tanks and vinegar

While the U.N. debated at Lake Success, U.S. Marines began landing in Korea. The landing was made at Pusan on Aug. 2 by units of the 1st Marine Division, the same one that did the dirty work on Guadalcanal in 1942. With them was LIFE Photographer David Douglas Duncan—a Marine veteran of World War II, who made the pictures on this page.

In the 1st Provisional Marine Brigade were some 5,000 men who were reinforced by heavy equipment that included 45-ton Pershing tanks. Commanded by efficient Brig. General Edward Craig, the Marines were the best-trained troops the U.S. had yet sent to Korea. Most of them were combat veterans. With one eye cocked toward Tokyo they shouted "Mac, we're back!" and kidded Army troops by saying, "You can go home now, junior, us men are here." A sergeant bragged, "Insultation's our meat. The Japs were pretty good at it, but we stopped them." Within a few hours the Marines headed for the front (left) to test this kind of confidence.



MOVING UP to the battlefront west of Yongdong, 1st Cavalry troops pause with their jeeps along the

rocky shores of a stream. Rough terrain forced them to stick closely to the road and the river bottom.



GI HUMOR broke out at battalion command post at Yongdong. "Bus to Seoul" has not run recently.

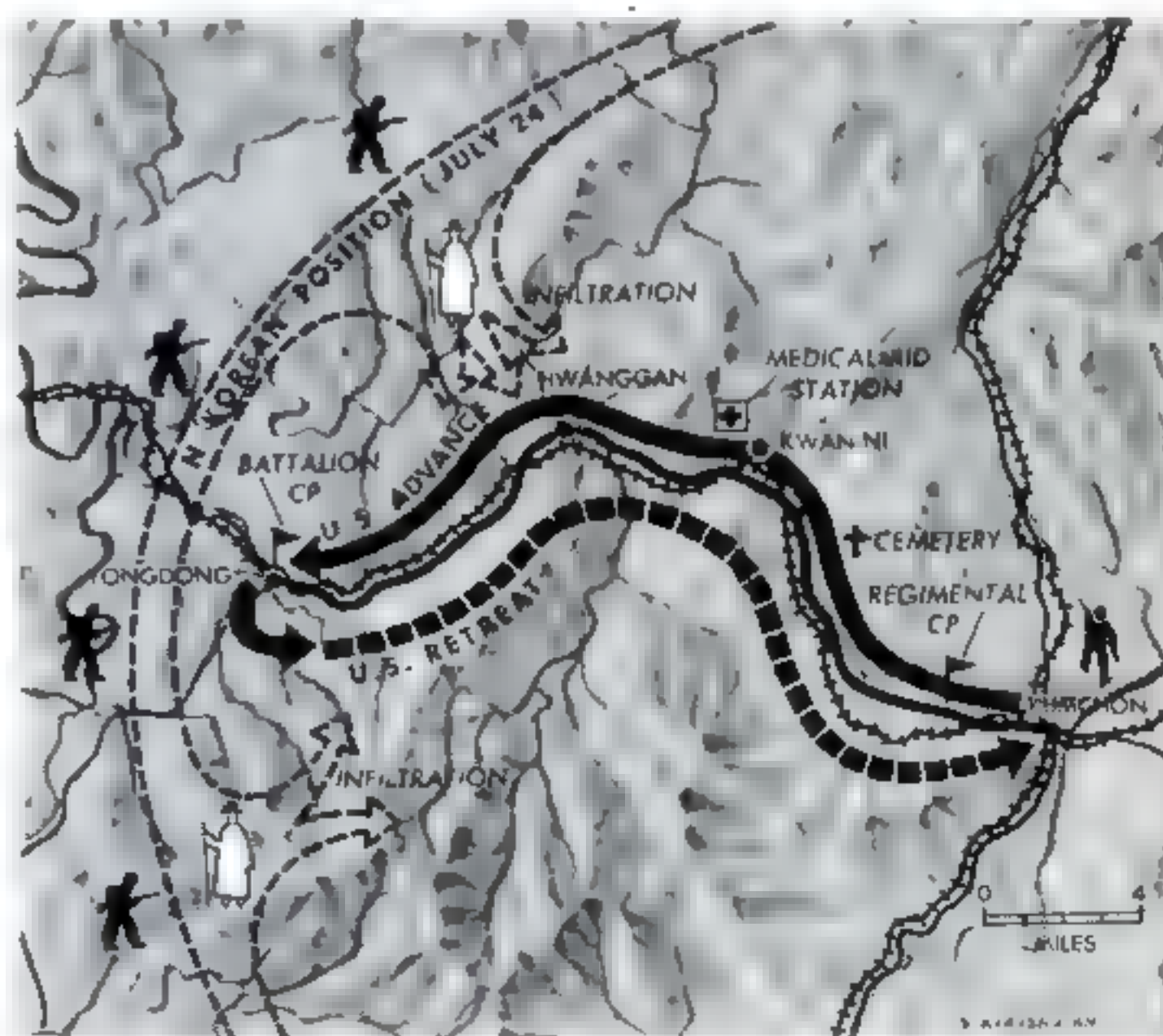


AMERICAN 105s blast at Communist positions in the hills after the battery was set up in river bed.

... AND A GI BATTLE

Outnumbered Americans advance near Yongdong but going is tough against infiltrating enemy

While reinforcements rushed across the Pacific, other Americans were having tough going in Korea. On the morning of July 24 *LIFE* Photographer Carl Mydans went up to the front lines with a fresh battalion of the U.S. 1st Cavalry Division, which was relieving some worn-out units of the 24th Infantry Division. The battalion, which had established a sign-plastered command post at the little town of Yongdong (top, right), was ordered to plug a hole in the American defense line just west of there. The advancing unit included jeep-borne infantrymen (above) with artillery support. But by the time the men got to their positions, other units around them had been cut up by superior forces and they were virtually on their own. Then they ran into Communist infiltration—that fearsome phenomenon of this strange war where the front has been too wide for our meager forces to man. How it worked in this case is shown on the map at right. What it led to is shown by the pictures on the next two pages.



MAP OF ACTION described in pictures shows how Communists infiltrated battalion at spot marked by curved solid arrow at left and forced it to withdraw.



AN ENEMY SHELL FIRED FROM THE HILLS CHURNS UP A RIVER BOTTOM FROM WHICH THE AMERICAN ARTILLERY HAD BEEN FIRING. INFILTRATING NORTH

THEY FIGHT, RETREAT AND BURY THEIR DEAD

The troops set up a position in the dry bed of a Kum River tributary. Their artillery support began firing at targets five miles away. Suddenly enemy artillery opened up. The shells were on the target (above) at the first salvo. Then infantry which had infiltrated hills overlooking

the U.S. position opened up with small arms. The Americans replied with machine gun fire but eventually had to retreat. Mydans cabled: "As the attack came toward us, there wasn't an American within 100 feet of me and I was feeling pretty lonely. Then I saw a truck coming



BEFORE ATTACK a GI dozes as others look warily at hills where North Korean troops were hidden



WOUNDED GI, in corpsman's arms, reaches medical station near Kwan-ni, nine miles from action.



IN RETREAT, one tired soldier yawns and stretches while others sprawl in jeep to get what rest they can.



KOREAN INFANTRY THEN HIT THEM FROM BEHIND

He jammed his brakes, I jumped aboard and we ran through it." My fans made his way back to a medical station. Soon the wounded began to come in (*below*). Then came the warm, torn bodies of the dead, to be buried in an impersonal grave (*right*) a few miles from where they died.



HOBBLING ALONG, a casualty comes into the station, leaning on the shoulders of two of his comrades.



THE RETREAT ENDS for some soldier in a temporary grave near Kumch'on. Strangled bodies are

placed side by side as a way layman, John G. Burkhalter, reads a service. Twenty-one men were buried here.

PROGRAM FOR AMERICA

Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire made a speech on the floor of the Senate which he entitled "A Program for America." It was so packed with good sense, high courage and statesmanly foresight that we are delighted to make it the basis of our own check list of what, as a nation, we need to do.

Here are some of Senator Bridges' points. The comments represent his views, except for what we have put in parentheses:

1. Call the National Guard to the Federal service at once.
2. Establish immediately an American radar network (to make an interceptor air force effective).
3. Mobilize full-speed, around-the-clock industrial production to provide military equipment of the best type available. The American people are ready to use steel for tanks instead of for automobiles.
4. Establish and activate a civilian defense program. It is almost criminal to have advanced five years into the atomic era without having such a program in full force.
5. Congress should at once prepare legislation to provide 100% mobilization of our people and our resources for enactment within hours when and if it is needed. This program should be aimed solely at achieving the safety and security of the U.S. It is no place for dreamy planners to impose the controls which will lead this nation to socialism.
6. Handout programs should be ruthlessly abolished. (P.S. We add: so should the pork-barrel grabs that 47 Senators voted on July 27 to keep in the rivers, harbors and flood control bill.)
7. Register all Communists in the U.S. . . . immediate enactment of the Mundt-Ferguson bill.

8. Clean out the State Department. For many years our State Department has been infiltrated with men who either have unbelievably poor judgment or whose loyalty is open to serious question. When a naval officer loses his ship or runs it aground in the mud he is court-martialed. But when foreign-policy advisers lose a continent, they are applauded or even promoted.

9. Improve and expand our intelligence operation. (In cruder words, this means underground operations in Iron Curtain countries.)

10. Mobilize anti-Communists everywhere. Make use of the Chinese Republican army, the stateless Europeans and, if MacArthur advises it, arm and train Japanese divisions. Make Spain a full partner in the fight against Communism. . . . We should ask ourselves two questions: Does Spain oppose Communism? Will the Spanish fight Communism? The answer to both questions is "Yes."

11. Stop all trade between the Soviet Union and its satellites with the U.S. and its allies which, directly or indirectly, has military significance.

12. Advise our allies that we will not assist countries which continue to pamper and coddle a fifth column.

Senator Bridges' program was set forth way back on July 18. So far very few of his points have been carried out, though all of them are important and most are essential. But it is profoundly encouraging that we have leaders like Senator Bridges setting the pace for the Administration. They express the sentiments of the American people in terms of their practical knowledge of what can and must be done.

TARGETS OF OPPORTUNITY

The above "Program for America" covers most of the high spots of what needs to be done. By doing all of these things and doing them quickly we have a good chance of making up for our past errors and neglect, before it's too late. And in addition to the major items, let us appreciate that there are dozens and hundreds of smaller but vitally important things which we can do to bring victory nearer. As another example of senatorial leadership, we cite Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. He has to the credit of his foresight passage of a bill providing for enlistment of 2,500 aliens (he wanted 10,000) in the U.S. Regular Army. From the large

pool of officer-caliber candidates available it should be possible to enlist high-class professional soldiers able to speak foreign languages—one of the great lacks in our military establishment.

Senator Lodge's bill is the equivalent of providing us with a specially valuable weapon. For which, all thanks. Valuable in itself, this kind of action serves to illustrate the many targets of opportunity we have available. We have to mobilize effectively not only ourselves but all of the more than one billion people outside the Iron Curtain who, under inspiring leadership, will work and fight for the total defeat of World Communism.

OUR VAST RESOURCES

Can the U.S. lick the U.S.S.R.? Of course it *can*. The only question is: *Will* it?

The Russians are believed to have 45,000 tanks. And how many have we got? Fewer than we care to mention. But what are tanks made of? Mostly of steel. The total Russian (and satellite) production of steel is close to 30 million tons a year. The total U.S. production of steel is more than 100 million tons a year. The total of the U.S. and its allies is about 150 million tons—five times the Russian-cum-satellite. It is therefore absurd that the Russians should beat us by having more tanks. But that is just the kind of absurdity through which disasters come.

And what do tanks run on? They run on oil and its derivatives. The total Russian-cum-satellite production of oil was about 35 million tons last year. Total U.S. and allied production was nearly 300 million tons—about eight times as much as all the Communist oil put together.

Steel and oil are two big examples of our superiority of resources as compared to the resources of World Communism. But of course just to have the resources is no guarantee that we will win. Our resources have to be put to use—on the firing line. That means mobilizing as fast as possible and in every sense of the

word, so as to put power against armed Communists anywhere in the world. And it means that once again we'll have to submit ourselves to a lot of the uncivilized abracadabra of controls, rationing and other bureaucratic messiness.

We don't have to like it—and we won't like it. We don't like war—not any part of it. But let us have a just pride, nevertheless, in the capabilities of America and the Americans.

As we go step by step to mobilization, ever quickening the pace, let us learn to be grateful for all our resources and to respect them as products of human skill and enterprise. Every American who has contributed to the upbuilding of this country—and every son and daughter of such an American—can and instinctively does feel a just pride in the wonderful human accomplishment which is the stored up wealth and the productive capacity of America. Let us not long be humiliated by weakness in the midst of power. Let us harness our resources to the greatest cause we know. It was American Freedom by which and through which this amazing achievement of wealth and power was fashioned. And it is to the defense of Freedom and to the proclamation of Freedom throughout the earth that all this wealth and power will be dedicated.



FIVE FIRESTONES SALUTE THEIR FATHER'S STATUE ON A BIRTHDAY

Fifty years ago an Ohio farmer's son named Harvey S. Firestone opened a modest carriage tire business in an old abandoned foundry in Akron. One evening last week his five sons (from left), Roger, Raymond, Leonard, Russell and

Harvey Jr., gathered for this portrait after the unveiling of a bronze statue of their father, while behind them lights blazed in the family's Akron Plant No. 2. The dedication opened a three-day celebration of the Firestone Tire

& Rubber Company's golden anniversary, a birthday of some significance in an American industrial saga. The late Harvey Firestone's little factory had grown into a \$318 million giant and all his boys were still in the tire business.

THE WITNESSES HEAR THE WORD

Yankee Stadium echoes to hymns



MASS MEETING in Yankee Stadium is opened officially by Convention Chairman Grant Suter from

the platform at second base in bed of potted flowers. Signs in 77 languages said motto. "Preach the word."



SLEEPYHEAD and lecture notes clutter the lap of mother who came prepared to spend day in stadium.



PAPER HATS shield heads of these Witnesses from 90-degree sunshine on opening day of convention.



A SEATLESS WITNESS from Oak Ridge, Tenn. jots down notes of speech to read to folks back home

While the New York Yankees were on the road last week, their stadium was rented out to one of the most unconventional conventions New York ever saw. For eight days and nights 85,000 members of the Jehovah's Witnesses sect thronged the stadium to pray, sing hymns and hear what their governing body, the Watchtower Bible and Tract Society, had to say about God and the world. Between times they took up stations on Manhattan sidewalks, handing out tracts and seeking converts. A lot of spadework went into the industrious Witnesses' conclave.

They found living quarters for 35,000 out-of-towners in private homes, laid out a 60-acre trailer camp near New Brunswick, N. J. and connected it by loudspeaker directly to Yankee Stadium, and served themselves 300,000 hot meals from 11 tents near the ball park. Such cooperative efforts among the Witnesses have been going on for 78 years, ever since Charles Taze Russell organized a movement of Bible students to urge the world to get ready for the *Book of Revelation's* Battle of Armageddon and the reign of "Jehovah God" on earth. The

rest of the country came to know them for their refusal to salute the flag and their door-to-door canvassing with Watchtower tracts. By now they claim 317,877 adherents, a third of whom live in the U.S. At their first convention held in New York, Jehovah's Witnesses baptized a flock of new brethren (*below*), passed a resolution against Communism and listened to almost 50 hours of sermon. Then they dispersed, to go home, preach and wait for Armageddon to wipe out what they regard as the unholy trinity of religious dogma, politics and commerce.



MASS BAPTISM from which young woman emerges full fledged Witness was conducted during dismal downpour by 34-man baptizing team and aides (*right*)

who led way indoors. In four hours 3,381 people were immersed, entering pool at right background, going down line of white-shirted baptizers, leaving by stairs.



AT GRADUATION, class of 120 missionaries from Witness bible school heard seven speeches before receiving diplomas. Men and women alike wore orchids.



AT WASH TROUGH in trailer and tent camp, two girls set their hair in curlers outside lavatory built by Witness labor. The camp accommodated 15,000 people.



EXPEDITION'S PILOT, BILL POAG, SITS ON BOULDERS AT FROZEN LAKE EDGE

BIGGEST METEOR CRATER?

Mystery lake in north Quebec excites scientists

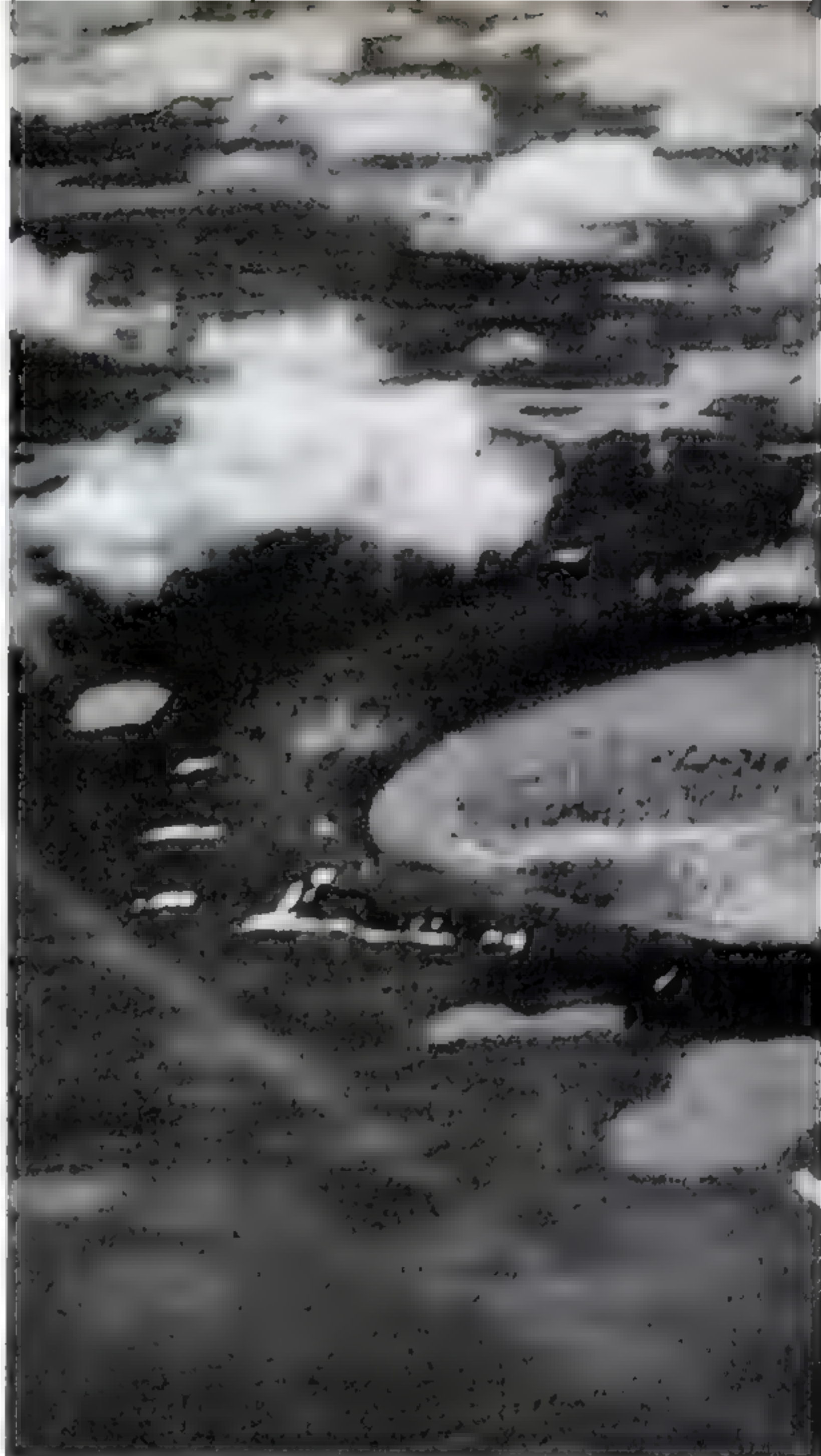


CRATER SITE and the route of the group's plane are shown on map.

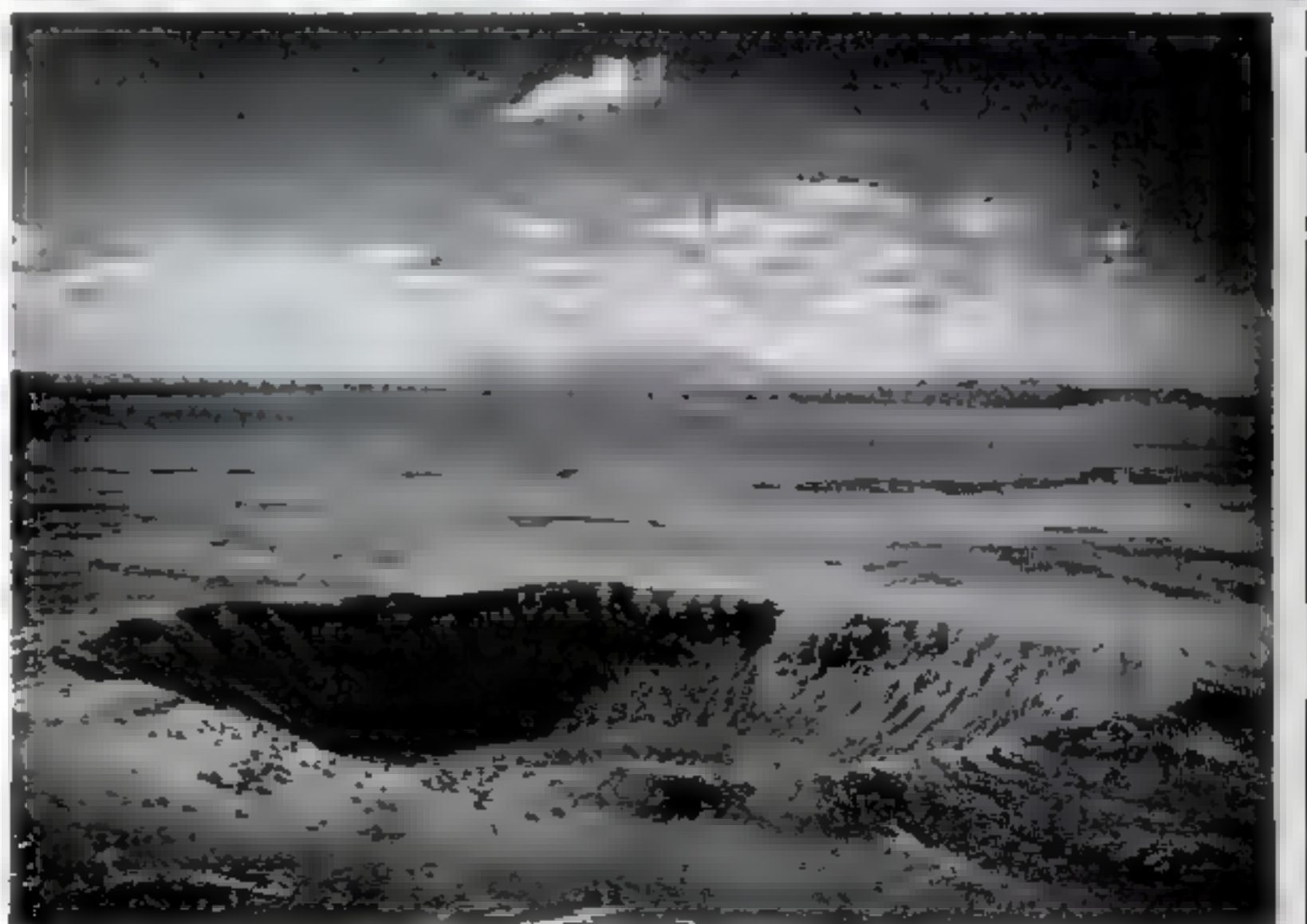
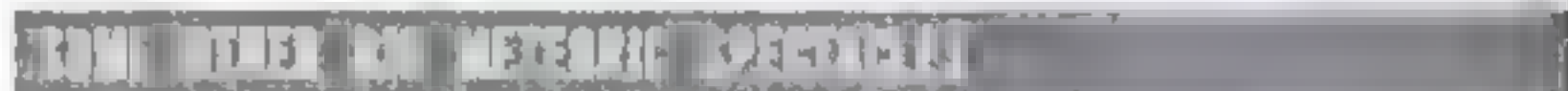
Six explorers bearing amazing scientific news flew into Toronto two weeks ago. Far to the north, they had clambered over the barren 7½-mile rim of a round lake which probably was formed by a gigantic meteorite that smashed into Quebec province 4,000 years ago, blasting out the largest known meteorite crater on the earth's surface. The men were members of an expedition organized by the Royal Ontario Museum and the *Toronto Globe & Mail* after a prospector named Fred Chubb, studying some aerial photos, noticed a strange rimmed, circular lake. It contrasted sharply with the unrimmed, fingerlike lakes gouged across Quebec by the Ice Age. Seeing the picture, the museum's Dr. V. B. Meen decided to fly to the strange pit. He found that the crater was postglacial, for it had an uplifted edge not worn down by glaciers, and millions of boulders strewn on the lake slopes had no glacial scratches. He found no trace of volcanic ash, so he ruled out the possibility that the crater was that of an extinct volcano. He decided it must be a meteorite crater, although he did not locate any fragments—which could have been buried or scattered. He did spot some meteorite clues: significant alignments of fractures in the 500-foot-high cliffs, and concentric ripples 60 feet high creasing the granite plain around the rim, as if the rock crust had been shoved up by a tremendous missile. If future studies confirm the expedition's findings, the 2¼-mile-wide hole will be the largest known meteorite crater in the world.



FIELD OF BOULDERS near lake is crossed by Chubb (left), Poag and Meen. Some rocks have rough edges that fit together like jigsaw, sign of meteorite blast.



SEEN FROM PLANE AT 7,000 FEET, CRATER RESEMBLES HUGE SILVER COIN.



ARIZONA METEORITE CRATER, widest (one mile) found before Quebec pit, was gouged by 20,000-ton missile hurtling over 25,000 mph 50,000 years ago.



UNLIKE LONG, GLACIER-FORMED LAKES, SMALLER CIRCULAR LAKES IN FOREGROUND MAY HAVE BEEN PUNCHED OUT BY BIG FRAGMENTS OF THE METEORITE



FIERIEST meteor ever frozen by lens shot over the U.S. in 1933.



BIGGEST METEORITE ever found was 70-ton chunk of solid iron and nickel dug out in South Africa in the '20s. Impact usually pulverizes larger meteorites.



IN SIBERIA trees were leveled over 700 square miles by a huge meteorite in 1908.



WHAT THE MARINE SAID TO THE GIRL

Mary Montgomery, 18, and Glenn Mordene, 20, were students together in an Oakland, Calif. high school three years ago when he quit to join the Navy. When Glenn got out he signed up with the Marine reserves and began seeing more of Mary. Last week, when Glenn's outfit was leaving for camp and active duty, Mary went down to see him off. As Glenn, a corporal, began to march away she clutched his arm and tagged

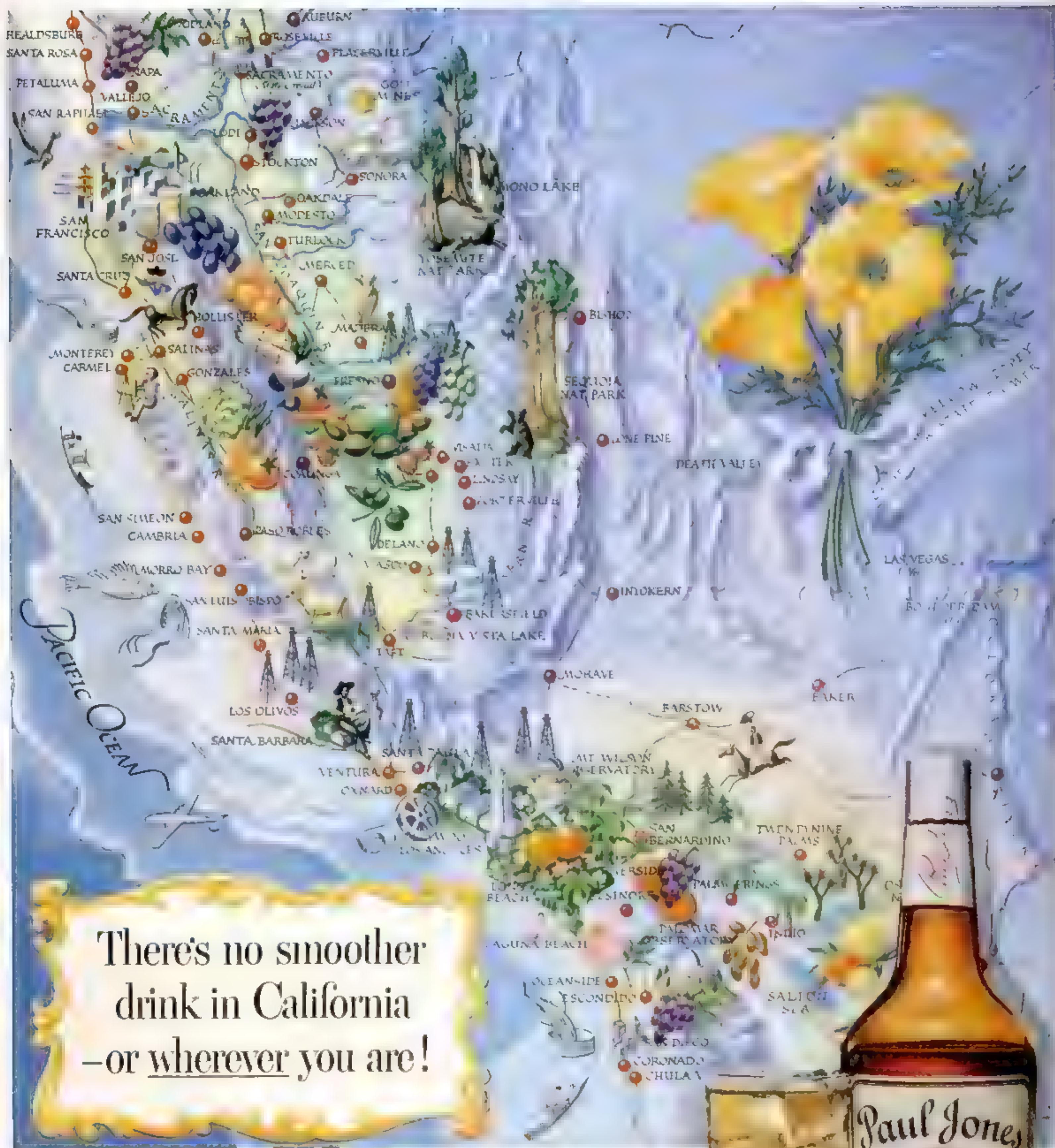
along beside him. "You'd better hang on or I'll have to break ranks," he warned her. She hung on. "You'll get a letter later in the week," he promised after a few more steps. "Will you get leave before you go overseas?" she asked him. "I don't know," he said. "Are you going to Korea?" "I don't know," Glenn repeated. "Are you scared?" she finally asked. "No," said Glenn. "Well, I am," Mary said, and they both laughed.

No fancy fish stories

If you want a TREAT
instead of a TREATMENT

smoke **Old Golds**





Wherever you are—you can't make a better whiskey choice than Paul Jones. It's so smooth, so mellow, so rich in flavor. It's today's greatest whiskey buy!

Paul Jones
FIRST FOR FLAVOR... FIRST FOR VALUE!



Paul Jones blended whiskey. 86 proof. 72 1/2 % grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.



INJURED POLICEMAN wipes blood from face after helping break up anti-Leopold riot in Brussels.

BELGIUM'S KING AGREES TO QUIT

Leopold's decision ends rioting

For 11 days Belgium faced the threat of a bloody civil war (LIFE, Aug. 7). King Leopold had returned from exile in Switzerland despite shouts from some of his subjects that they would hang him if they could. The rioters hated Leopold for surrendering to the Nazis in 1940 and because after the death of his beloved Queen Astrid he had married a commoner, Marie Liliane Baels, whose father was considered pro-Nazi and whose brother was sentenced for draft-dodging.

Last week, with 10,000 armed and angry Belgians marching on Brussels and former Premier Spaak (p. 42) insisting that he abdicate, Leopold finally agreed to turn over his duties to his son, Prince Baudouin, and to turn over the title on Sept. 7, 1951 when studious, sports-loving Baudouin becomes 21. When they heard of the compromise, the rioters went home and their divided country tried to pull itself together again.



KING AND SONS, Baudouin (left) and Albert, greet supporters after return to palace in Belgium.



THE KING'S WIFE Liliane, now called Princess de Rethy, is shown in Switzerland with king-to-be

Prince Baudouin. One cause of king's unpopularity, she stayed behind when family returned from exile.

**Guard hair
and scalp from
Summer Sun!**



Your hair's handsomer, your scalp feels better, when you give them *extra* protection against drying summer sun. Vitalis "Live-Action" care—Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"—guards hair, invigorates scalp. Get Vitalis today.

Use **"LIVE-ACTION"**
VITALIS and the
"60-Second Workout"

• Many skin specialists prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp. The Vitalis workout stimulates scalp, prevents dryness.



50 SECONDS' massage—*feel the difference* in your scalp. Vitalis stimulates scalp, prevents dryness, routs flaky dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.

10 SECONDS' combing—*see the difference* in your hair. Neater, handsomer, set to stay. No slicked-down look. Vitalis contains no greasy petrolatum—just pure vegetable oil.



Like cream tonic?
The one for you
is **Vitalis Hair Cream**
Different! New!



It's lighter-bodied
(No mess, No "gook")
Gives your hair that
"CLEAN-GROOMED"
look!

P. S. Your barber is an expert—ask him for a professional application of "Live-Action" Vitalis, or new Vitalis Hair Cream.

Belgium CONTINUED



GENDARME TOPPLES, pushed by demonstrators in a Brussels square, while government police comrades, unpopular with crowds, raise their rifles.



A MINER'S SON joins his father in a funeral procession through a mining town near Liège, where government police, breaking up an anti-Leopold mass



GENDARME WRESTLES with civilian who went down with him. After a brief battle gendarmes withdrew to let more popular city police stop the riot.



meeting, he killed three men. The slain men's friends, dressed in their working clothes and carrying their miners' lamps, marched solemnly behind each bear-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The **LESTER GRAND PIANO**
is the Official Piano of the Philadelphia Orchestra

LESTER *Betsy Ross Spinet*

A Beautiful Piano with Magnificent Tone

Have you played or listened to the genuine

Betsy Ross Spinet yourself? If so, you know that it is truly a noble instrument endowed with exquisite tone, responsive touch and full volume.

For 62 years, the same family has been building these fine pianos to the highest standard of quality ... and in each one you find only the most expert craftsmanship combined with the world's finest materials.

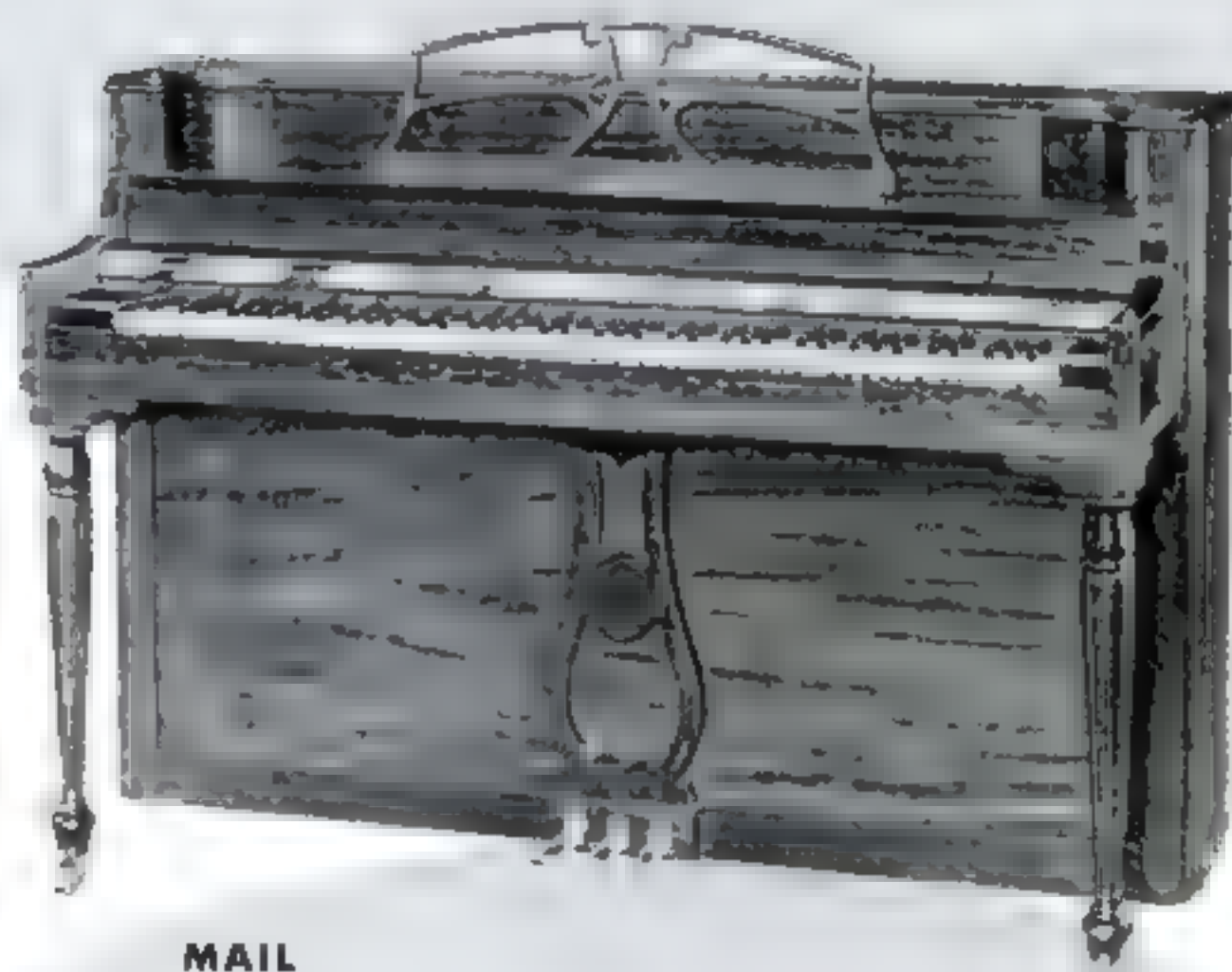
Add lasting pleasure and inspiration to your family life by choosing your favorite Betsy Ross Spinet now from the wide array of lovely models.

Look for the Damp-Chaser ... the Lester is the only piano with this moisture control feature.

Priced from \$545.00; model pictured \$750.00 ...

f.o.b. Lester, Pa. Your own dealer will gladly arrange convenient terms.

Guaranteed for ten years; made **ONLY** by the Lester Piano Manufacturing Company, Inc., builders of world renowned Lester Grand Pianos.



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Send me your 24-page illustrated book showing piano arrangement in the home. (Enclose 10c for postage.)

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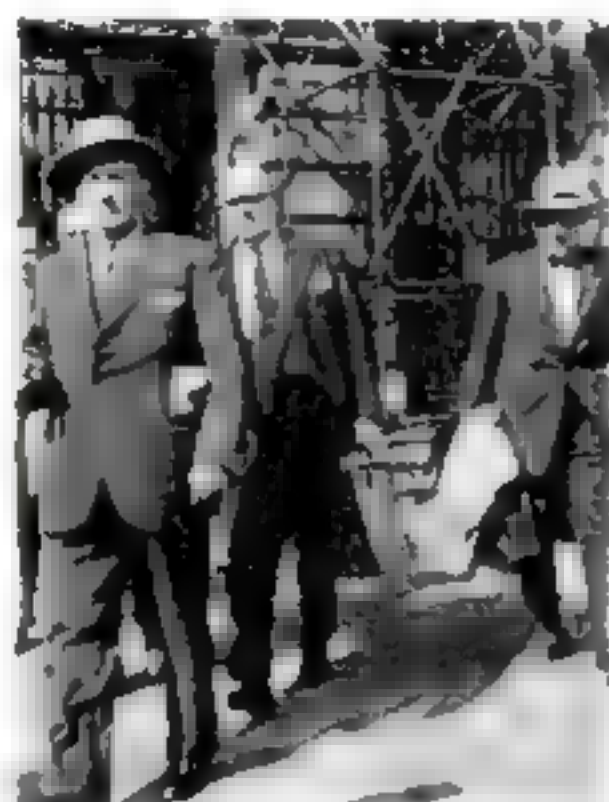
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Foreign Sales Representatives: H. A. ASTLETT & Co., 27 William St., New York 5, N.Y.
sold by America's foremost piano dealers



SPAAK WALKS . . .

July 8: He snubs king in parade honoring Regent Prince Charles, the king's brother.



AND WALKS . . .

July 20: Bareheaded, he stalks out of parliament with Socialists to avoid voting on the Leopold issue.



AND WALKS . . .

July 22: On day of Leopold's return to Belgium, Spaak leads Socialists in protest march through streets of Brussels.



AND WALKS . . .

July 27: Spaak leads a big anti-Leopold parade to Laeken Palace, in a suburb of Brussels, where the king was living under a heavy guard. With more and more anti-Leopoldists gathering in the city, Spaak's followers were later led on a long march through the streets to cool off their tempers and prevent any violence.



AND WALKS.

Aug. 1: At 6:30 in the morning, after 33 hours of unbroken wrangling with his frightened cabinet, King Leopold finally agreed to abdicate. The dangerous crisis was broken. That night, dog-tired from weeks of marching and protest rallies, Spaak went to Socialist party headquarters to make a 15-minute victory speech. Then he led a happy group of anti-Leopoldists (left) to a war memorial where he made one final gesture against King Leopold by placing flowers at the foot of the monument. "Now we must fight on," Spaak said. "for the rights of laborers and for a united Belgium."



Pillsbury said "Okay!"

*when
you said you
wanted pancakes
lighter*

LIGHTER PANCAKES ARE HERE



*You and Ann Pillsbury
can make a great team*



How about a session with the lightest pancakes you ever flipped off a griddle—Pillsbury Pancakes! Set aside your notions about ordinary pancakes and prepare yourself for a new experience in pancake eating—pancakes wonderfully light, wonderfully tender and fluffy. Because, step by step, Pillsbury has developed this pancake mix of theirs to be sure you will get a really true lightness in pancakes. Pancakes golden-brown and delicious and easy, too. (Milk is all you add.) *It's another great mix from Pillsbury Mix Headquarters.* Wonderful for waffles, too. And for old-fashioned buckwheats—with new-fashioned lightness—try Pillsbury Buckwheat Pancake Mix.

*Wonderful morning "waker-upper":
piping-hot coffee and
piping-hot pancakes!*

Pillsbury PANCAKE MIX



3 Original Rogers Silverplated Teaspoons. Exclusive Lady Ann pattern—only 50¢ and six coupon values. Send to Pillsbury, Box 150, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Complete silver service available. Extra-Value coupons with all Pillsbury packages. Write for free premium booklet.



ABOVE THE BEACH, Wilhelmina Barns-Graham does painting of florid balcony. The town is proud both of its cats (*foreground*) and its boats (*background*).



ON THE BEACH, oldtimer Leonard Richmond (*above*) paints realistic scene of harbor at low tide. Below, Ben Nicholson holds his abstract version of seacoast.



ART



FAVORITE VIEW OF BAY OVERLOOKS ROOFS AND CHIMNEY POTS

ST. IVES

Famous old town of the nursery rhyme is filled with England's summer painters

Until the famous artist, J. M. W. Turner, visited there in 1815, the little Cornwall fishing village of St. Ives had only one claim to fame: it said (though some authorities disputed it) that it was the nursery-rhyme town where the man with seven wives was met. Turner's visit inspired a procession of artists which has annually invaded St. Ives, turning boathouses into studios, fish barrels into painting stools and the whole town into the most famous summer painting center in the British Isles. Today amateurs and professionals swarm through the twisting streets, set up their easels on the kelp-strewn beaches and considerably outnumber the local fishermen, who make the most of it by posing as models at two shillings an hour.



IN HIS STUDIO, which is also living room, John Park has been painting window view of harbor for 40 years. Tourists eagerly buy up every picture he paints.



IN THE SQUARE, Olive Dexter smears paint on canvas with her thumb. The square is almost as popular a subject as the harbor. Mrs. Dexter has embellished

the scene with bright flower clumps alongside doorway. Buildings at left were bought by the local art society to provide studios for visiting and resident artists.

"Have You Tasted
the **DIFFERENCE**
in Corn Flakes?"



Post-Toasting makes the difference
in Freshness, Crispness, Flavor!

"You could have knocked me over with a feather!
I never knew there could be such a difference in
corn flakes till I tasted Post Toasties.

"Post Toasties top 'em all, they're so much fresher,
crisper—simply swell eating!"

"Post-Toasting" makes the difference! This special process
adds extra tenderness, extra flakiness, extra goodness!

What's more, the new Trip-L-Wrap "Keep Fresh"
Package brings you Post Toasties guaranteed fresh.
Get Post Toasties from your grocer today! They're
the better corn flakes!

Don't say "Corn Flakes," say
Post Toasties



**Post
TOASTIES**
Corn Flakes

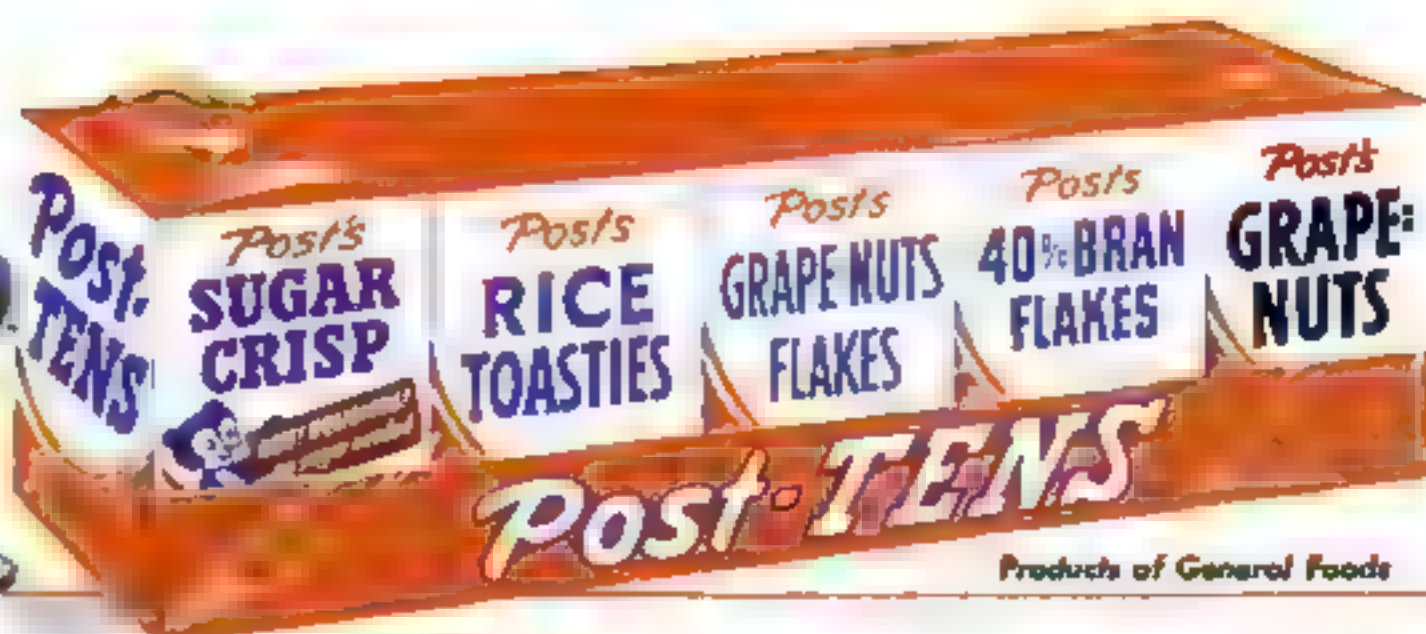
A **Post** Cereal
GUARANTEED FRESH!

Triple your
money back if
Post Toasties
are not as
fresh as any
corn flakes
you ever
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—One of the famous **POST CEREALS**—Try 'em all in **POST-TENS!**

A CHOICE OF
CEREALS FOR EVERY-
BODY IN THE FAMILY,
A DIFFERENT CEREAL
FOR EVERY DAY
IN THE WEEK!



**7 CEREAL
FAVORITES!**

10 INDIVIDUAL PACKAGES

3 Post Toasties	1 Grape-Nuts
2 Grape-Nuts Flakes	1 Rice Toasties
1 40% Bran Flakes	1 Sugar Crisp
1 Raisin Shredded Wheat	

That HONEY of a
NEW CEREAL!

Products of General Foods



OLD CHURCH built for fishermen in 19th Century is now an art gallery where academic artists exhibit their work. Moderns used to exhibit in crypt below church but withdrew to another gallery after a feud with conservatives.



MODERNIST HANGOUT, above harbor, belongs to Wilhelmina Barns-Graham (p. 44) and is frequent meeting place of modern artists (*above*) who get together over a cup of tea to discuss rift between themselves and conservatives.



RUNS BETTER



LASTS LONGER



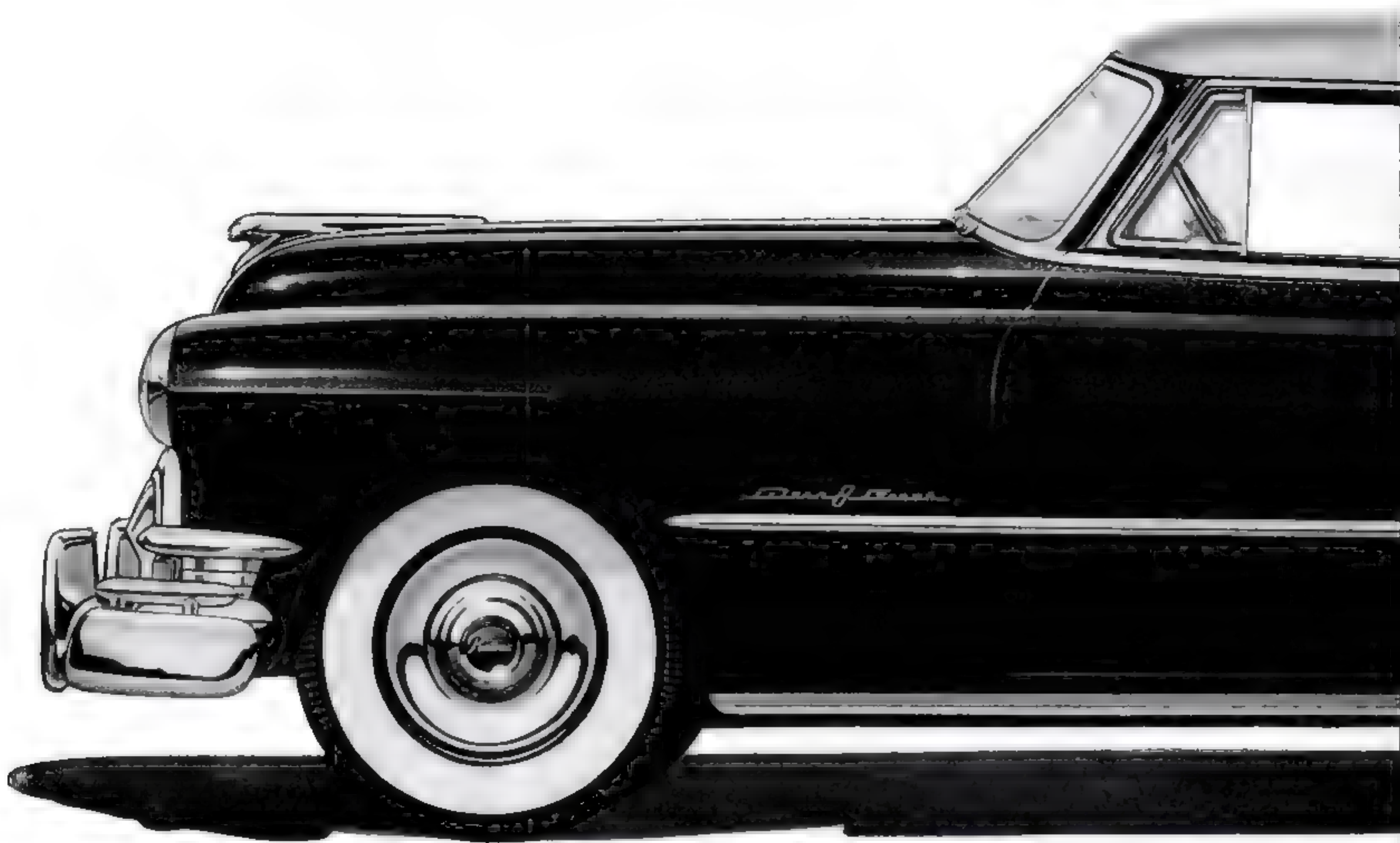
COSTS LESS

IN THE LONG RUN

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40¢ per U. S. quart, including Federal Lubricating Oil Tax
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QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.



Character is written

What a wonderful feeling it is to take the wheel of a magnificent new Pontiac—to feel the pride of driving a car with character in every line and action, a car with personality so distinctive there is literally nothing else like it on the road!

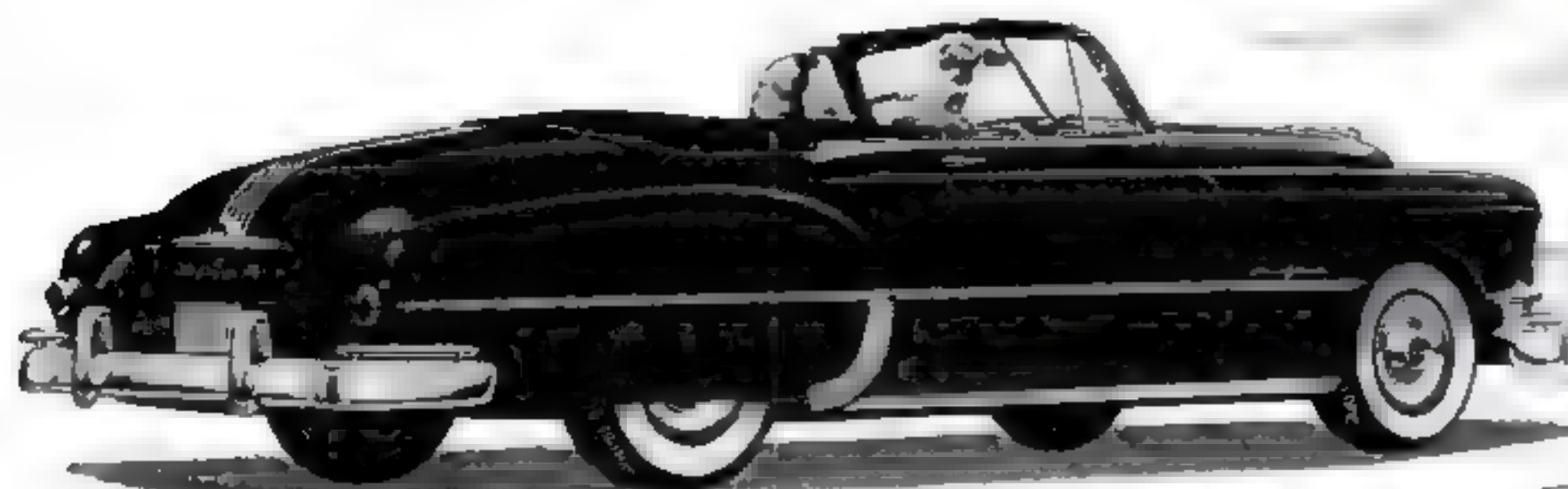
To be sure, Pontiac's wonderful beauty is particularly outstanding in such models as the De Luxe Catalina and

the Convertible shown here. But *character* is a basic Pontiac ingredient—one that adds greatly to the joy of owning and driving any Pontiac you choose—this year or any year.

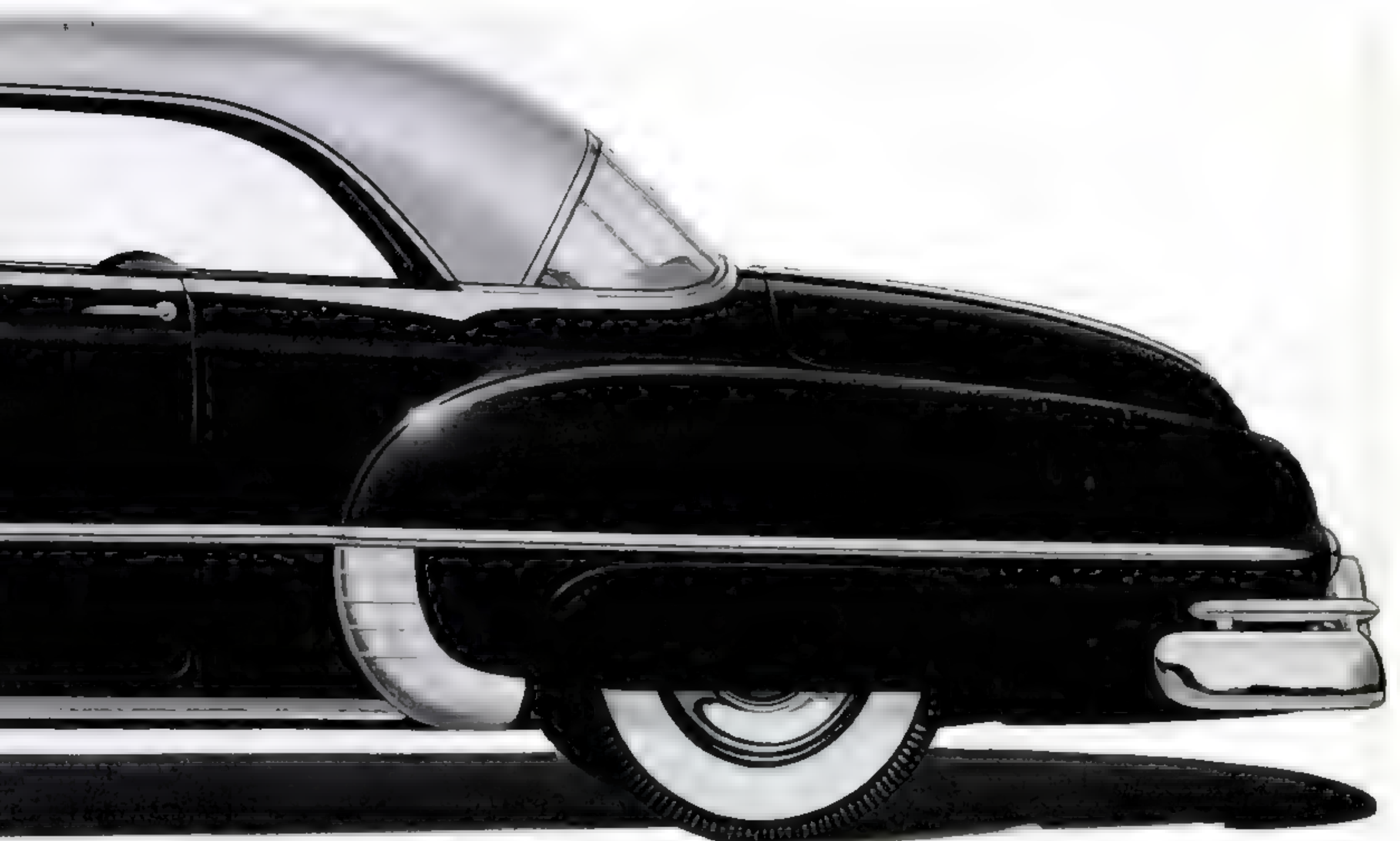
All Pontiacs are beautiful—all Pontiacs offer sparkling performance—all Pontiacs are built for years of dependable,

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF

Dollar for Dollar you can't



The Chieftain De Luxe Convertible



The De Luxe Catalina

all over it!

economical and thoroughly satisfying driving pleasure.

In short, every new Pontiac has *character* written all over it and stamped deep into its background. That is one of the important things we mean when we say—dollar for dollar, you can't beat a Pontiac!

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America's Lowest-Priced Straight Eight

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Optional on all models at extra cost.

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Power-Packed Silver Streak Engines—Choice of Six or Eight

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- ✓ Free demonstration . . . try it, and your dishwashing woes are gone!

If you rent your home or apartment, this marvelous new G-E "Roll-away" Portable is the answer to your dishwashing problems!

It'll help you keep your kitchen always tidy, save you countless hours of hard, disagreeable work—and the low, low price will save you many a dollar!

You just can't believe what a wonderful convenience this new dishwasher is—till you try it yourself. So ask your G-E dealer for a free demonstration in your own home—**TODAY!**

No Installation—No plumbing cost! And you can take it with you when you move! This makes it especially grand for families who rent their homes or apartments!

"Natural Heat" Drying—After washing, dishes actually dry in their own heat!

G-E Engineered—This is your assurance of long-time performance and dependability!



Roll-away space-saver—You can roll it to the sink for dishwashing—attach it in a matter of seconds—and roll it away after use to closet or wall!



Huge 100-piece capacity—Can hold a full day's dishes for an average family of four! Top opening for easy loading—no bending or stooping!



Makes dishes sparkle—"Spray-rub" action gets dishes, glassware, silver beautifully clean in minutes—in water hotter than your hands could ever stand!

FREE DEMONSTRATION

At your General Electric dealer's—or right in your own home!

Just look for your nearest dealer in the Classified Phone Book under "Dishwashing Machines." General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Something For The Kids



ACROBAT IN BEARSKIN LOSES HIS BALANCE DURING THE SHOOTING OF "THE FLAME AND THE ARROW"

A MIDSUMMER'S FEAST OF JUVENILE THRILLERS

Instead of the thin gruel of cartoons and horse operas which are its regular fare for juveniles, Hollywood in three current movies has spread a rich repast of the stuff that children's dreams are made of—pirates and lost treasure, two-gun heroes and noble redskins, medieval patriots, tyrants and balancing bears. Few children—not even those who claim to be grownup—will be able to resist this trio of guileless thrillers filled with derring-do, the clash of arms, the swashbuckling heroes and the hateful villains of a child's magical world.

The astonished bear above, contemplating

an imminent pratfall, is one of the supernumeraries in Warner Brothers' *The Flame and the Arrow*, the robust account of a medieval Lombard people's champion fighting a German oppressor. Like similar traditional costume melodramas, the film is a series of skirmishes which reaches its climax in a battle royal after the hero gains entrance to the tyrant's castle by joining a group of mummers and acrobats. The film is especially fortunate in having as hero Burt Lancaster (left), who climbs ropes, swings on chandeliers and leaps about with the great ease of a circus acrobat—which, indeed, he once was.



"YOU MAY BE QUICK ON THE DRAW, TEX,
BUT HE USES MENNEN SKIN BRACER"

The After-Shave Lotion with the
He-Man Aroma
that "WOWS"
the Ladies!

Helps Heal Tiny
Razor Nicks, Too!

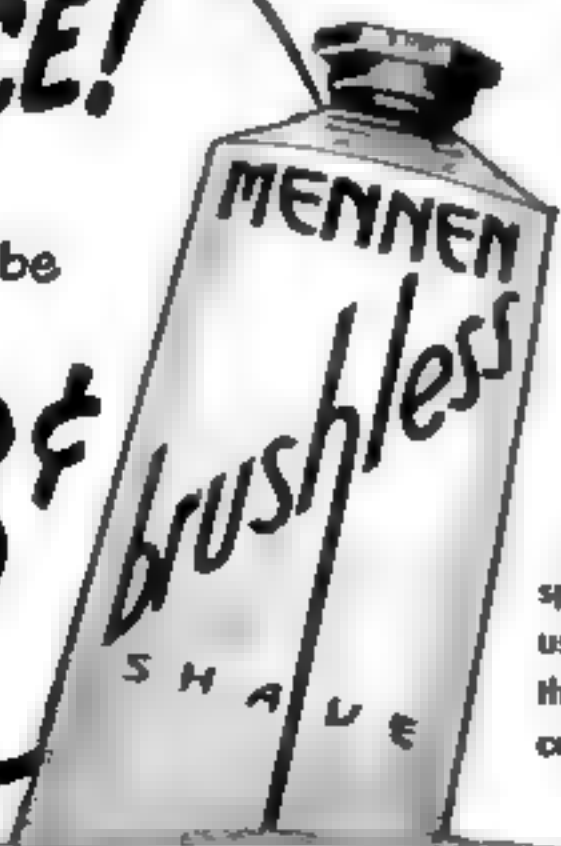
LARGE 5-OZ. BOTTLE 49¢
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■ More doctors who
specialize in skin care
use Mennen Brushless
than all other brands
combined.

Thrillers CONTINUED



HIDDEN in apple barrel—Calon Boy Jim Hawkins overcomes Jolly Silver
plot against a treasure. (Photo by [illegible])



PINNED to the top of the mast by a thrown dagger, young Hawkins shoots
the pirate who pursued him up the rigging. Earlier the calon boy had made



DAZZLING RICHES in an island cave are revealed to the adventurers by bearded Ben Gunn, a mad hermit shipwrecked many years ago with treasure.

A TICKET TO "TREASURE ISLAND"

From Robert Louis Stevenson's classic story Walt Disney has produced his first film with all live actors, a full-bodied thriller crowded with hairbreadth escapes and gory clashes. Young Master Hawkins (Bobby Driscoll) may sometimes bear an unhappy resemblance to Little Lord Fauntleroy, but all the rest of the old magic is still there—the patch-eyed messenger of doom, the secret map, the pitching vessel and its crew of scheming pirates and, above all, Robert Newton's Long John Silver, complete with golden earring and shoulder-perched parrot—as wonderful a portrait of a lovable cutthroat as ever stood on one leg.



the dangerous return from the beleaguered island stronghold to the pirate-held ship and set it adrift so that ship's guns could not be used to blast the fort

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

NEW!



**FULL
PINT
79¢**

CLEANS YOUR DOG

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BATHING



SERGEANT'S® SKIP-BATH

**KILLS ODORS!
KILLS FLEAS!
KILLS TICKS!
AND KEEPS THEM
OFF UP TO 7 DAYS!**

No more tub! No more splash! No more suds! Sergeant's new liquid SKIP-BATH solves all your dog-cleaning problems at once! Just sprinkle on — rub in — wipe off! Your dog's coat is shining-clean — piney-fresh — and parasite-free! Up to a whole week!

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He knows
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P.A.* means
Pipe Appeal and
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● You can bet the man the steps out with has Pipe Appeal. And you can be just as sure he knows the way to greater smoking joy is in a pipeful of Prince Albert—America's largest-selling smoking tobacco. Get P.A.! Choice, rich-tasting tobacco specially treated to insure against tongue bite.



THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



WOUNDED APACHE BOY is helped by Frontiersman James Stewart, who wins trust of redskins, champions Indian rights to get a fair peace from whites.

NOBLE INDIANS IN "BROKEN ARROW"

In the days before Hopalong Cassidy replaced the noble Indian as a popular hero of U.S. kids, the youngsters liked to stick feathers in their hair and give out with war whoops. Now, with 20th Century-Fox's new movie, *Broken Arrow*, the poor Indian may regain some lost prestige with younger audiences. Not only are the Indians shown as a proud people bravely defending their land against the white man, but James Stewart even weds the redskin ingenue (*below*), who dies movingly shortly after their marriage. The film also boasts a full quota of ambushes and scalplings, so among the younger set it should please either sex.



SOMETHING FOR GIRLS more sentimental than boys is Apache wedding ceremony in which white man's blood is mingled with blood of Indian bride.

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

New preparation with remarkable skin-soothing ingredients helps keep the face looking young and healthy!

Modern life now means daily shaving for millions of men. But frequent shaving often results in ugly, old-looking skin. To help men solve this problem, we developed Glider—a rich, soothing cream containing a special ingredient to help preserve the youthful qualities of the face.

Now—every time you shave with Glider—you give your face the benefit of this wonderful substance... and you finish your shave looking and feeling remarkably fit!

TRY A TUBE AT OUR EXPENSE

You can get Glider at any toilet-goods counter. Or we'll be glad to mail you a guest-size tube—enough for three full weeks—absolutely free. Just write The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. LG-7, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canada: Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

Charles S. Campbell
PRESIDENT



Chico says:

From old Puerto Rico,
The land of bright sun,
Comes smooth, light RONRICO,
The 4 year old rum!

NOW **4** YEAR OLD RUM!



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Breeze through the heat—

be a Daiquiri fan!



In this good old sultry summertime, you'll thrill to the chill of a Daiquiri, America's coolest cocktail. And Daiquiri *perfection* is so easy to attain if you make sure the rum's from Puerto Rico... so dry, so light and so inviting to your taste!

Just take a jigger of Puerto Rican rum (white), the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ a fresh lime or $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon, a teaspoon of sugar and shake together with cracked ice until really *cold*! Or, to make a frozen Daiquiri, use an electric blender instead of the cocktail shaker.

For a tall, smooth cooler, try the Puerto Rican Rum Collins—made with a jigger of Puerto Rican rum (gold), the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon, in a highball glass of ice cubes—fill with soda. Or top off that fine Puerto Rican rum with a sparkling Collins mix.

But do use a rum from Puerto Rico—the most popular rum with Americans—the supreme rum for these cooling drinks. Have a Daiquiri today at your favorite bar—and buy a bottle of Puerto Rican rum today for wonderful drinks at home.

The dry, light-bodied... **Rums of Puerto Rico**

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Detroit says so!



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have demonstrated that Goodyear tires give the best all-around performance. Detroit says you can't beat a Goodyear tire!

America says



What tire do American motorists prefer? You'll find that motorists from coast to coast buy more Goodyear tires than any other brand. Year in and

More people ride on Goodyear tires than

GOODYEAR

LARRY HUGHES, World's Target Archery Champion, Says:

**"For that smoother taste —
just ask for...**

**Pabst
Blue Ribbon**

FINEST BEER SERVED...ANYWHERE!"



LARRY HUGHES makes the three-way "experts" test with a glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Larry's eyes are pleased by the creamy head—the brilliant amber color.

Larry's nose is teased by the delicate and inviting fragrance of finest malt and hops.

Larry's taste agrees Pabst Blue Ribbon has that smoother taste no other beer can touch.

Pabst, Blue Ribbon, and the representation of a Ribbon are the registered trade marks of Pabst Brewing Co., ©1950, Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

s so!



year out, the public has found them superb—for safety, comfort and mileage! America says you can't beat a Goodyear tire!

The World agrees!



You can go to the ends of the earth—wherever automobiles are driven—and you'll discover that more people the world over ride on Goodyear tires

than on any other kind. Not just Detroit, not just America, but the whole wide world says—you can't beat a Goodyear tire!

on any other kind

AR

The Super-Cushion: Preferred by leading car makers and the motoring public over all other low-pressure tires, the Super-Cushion is an important reason for Goodyear's continued leadership.





SHERIFF'S BADGE (Agnew, \$4), plaid galluses and tie add country-dude air to collar-band shirt, peg-top flannel skirt (shirt with tie, \$9; skirt, \$11; suspenders, \$3; all Ciro).

Campus Fashions

Some new ones are mad, most are plaid

College girls are traditionally more resistant than most women to the blandishments of fashion. They base their wardrobes on rugged corduroys, denims and tweeds that can take four years of punishment. They go high style only on "extras" to vary the uniform. An assortment of oddities, which college shops will stock for fall along with their classic sweaters and skirts, is shown on these pages. They range from frankly screw-loose handbags to the eminently practical red flannel nightshirt dress (Anne Fogarty, \$25) at right. The common denominator this year is plaid, in every form from the pantaloons (United Mills, \$4) and man's touring cap (Madcaps, \$3), at right, to an evening dress cut like a dinner jacket (p. 62).



GRANDPA'S NIGHTSHIRT inspired versatile dress that can be worn as a robe, a coat or a date dress. When buttoned it should be worn over short chemise so that deep slit skirt can show off leg.

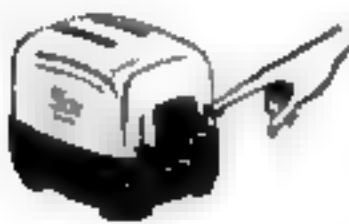
*The toaster...
that thinks about you!*



See the General Electric Automatic Toaster at your dealer's. \$21.50*

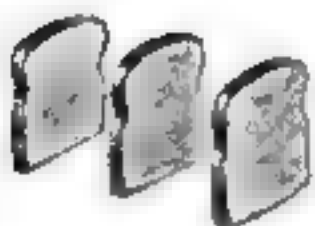
**New General Electric Automatic
pops toast up or keeps it down till you're ready!**

Every slice as you like it.



Light, medium, or dark. Just set the control—and this General Electric Automatic Toaster serves every slice with your taste in mind. Get the toast you asked for, whether you're toasting one slice or twenty.

Pops toast up or keeps it down!



The new General Electric will pop your toast up—or, if you prefer, keep it down until you're ready for it. Toast that waits until breakfast is ready—toast when you want it.

Crumb Tray snaps in and out!



Snap it out, brush it off (or wash it along with the dishes), snap it in. The General Electric Automatic Toaster brings you simple, quick cleaning in seconds. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

*Price subject to change without notice.

"Toast to Your Taste—Every Time"

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



PLAYSUIT in knit jersey (top, \$9; shorts, \$7) combines with gray knit-tweed jumper (\$25) (all Morgan Clan) to make a weekend wardrobe. Each piece can be worn with other outfits.

STRIPED BOOTS that match raincoat are a fad for girls with large allowances (Claire McCardell, \$27). The short white rubber boots (Joyce, \$5), are worn with slacks tucked in.



COVERALLS in Tattersall check cotton flannel are worn for sleeping or lounging in dorm, have a zip-up front (Tommies, \$6). The matching house boots (Capezio, \$4.95) lace up back.



BIZARRE BAGS include suitcase-size carpetbag (S. Dreaner, \$19.50), a plastic powder horn (Roger Van S., \$2.95), cowhide lunchbox (Milch, \$20) and plaid shopping bag (Ingber, \$5).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



LOVE that RED HEART



the only
3-flavor
dog food
U.S. Inspected

None finer! Complete, balanced diet to keep dogs healthy, plus variety to keep them happy! Same food, flavored 3 ways — beef, fish, cheese • John Morrell & Co., Meat Packers, Ottumwa, Iowa

FREE 49¢ JAR

WHEN YOU BUY
79¢ SIZE



Special offer to introduce

amazing Shasta Shampoo
guaranteed not to rob
hair of natural oils

needed for naturally soft, shiny, healthy hair

HERE'S WHY YOU SHOULD ACCEPT THIS SENSATIONAL MONEY-LEAVING OFFER!

HOW TO GET THIS OFFER—Just go to your dealer and buy a 79¢ jar of new, improved Shasta. You'll get a 49¢ jar free when you do. This is a \$1.28 value for only 79¢. It's a money-saver!

WHAT YOU'LL DISCOVER—New, improved Shasta is guaranteed not to rob hair of the natural oils needed for naturally soft, shiny, healthy hair. Even dull, dry, unruly hair looks unbelievably softer, shinier, beautifully groomed under Shasta's magic-like touch. Shasta leaves

your hair looking its very loveliest.

HURRY! SUPPLIES LIMITED—Your dealer has a limited supply of this money-saving offer. So don't delay a moment. Go to your dealer today. Get a free 49¢ jar of Shasta when you buy a 79¢ jar.

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE

Shasta does not rob hair of its natural oils. Leaves hair looking its loveliest. Procter & Gamble guarantees this or your money back. So you can accept this money-saving offer with full confidence. Use 49¢ jar first; If not overjoyed with the results, return 79¢ jar and get your money back in full.

COLLEGE FASHIONS CONTINUED



WOOL DINNER DRESS in Wallace tartan (Ciro, \$19.95) has dinner-jacket lapels. It copies current male fancy for plaid evening clothes (LIFE, April 17).



MICHIGAN fullback, Dick Kempthorn, whose brilliant running, hard-tackling helped spark Michigan's great 1949 team, says, "I'm flying to Chicago for the All-Star Game. It's my favorite way to travel."



STANFORD will welcome Jacqueline Miller this fall when she returns from her home in Portland, Oregon. "I've made several trips by air," says Jackie, "and I wouldn't dream of going any other way—even short trips save so much time."



HARVARD student, Kenneth Sundwall, attends the School of Business Administration. He hails from Salt Lake City and says, "I never consider coming East except by air. Flying is a real time saver."

YOUNG AMERICANS JUST NATURALLY LOVE TO FLY!



YOUNG MODERNS take to the air as naturally as birds. Poking along on the ground is not for them. They want to be there! They know they can reach any point in the U.S. today—not next week. What's even more important, they've figured out for themselves that flying is not only the fastest but one of the most *inexpensive* ways to travel. Today swift, luxurious Douglas transports stand poised to wing you anywhere in the world in a few short hours.

So next time—compare the price—and you'll take a plane!

MORE PEOPLE FLY MORE PLACES BY DOUGLAS

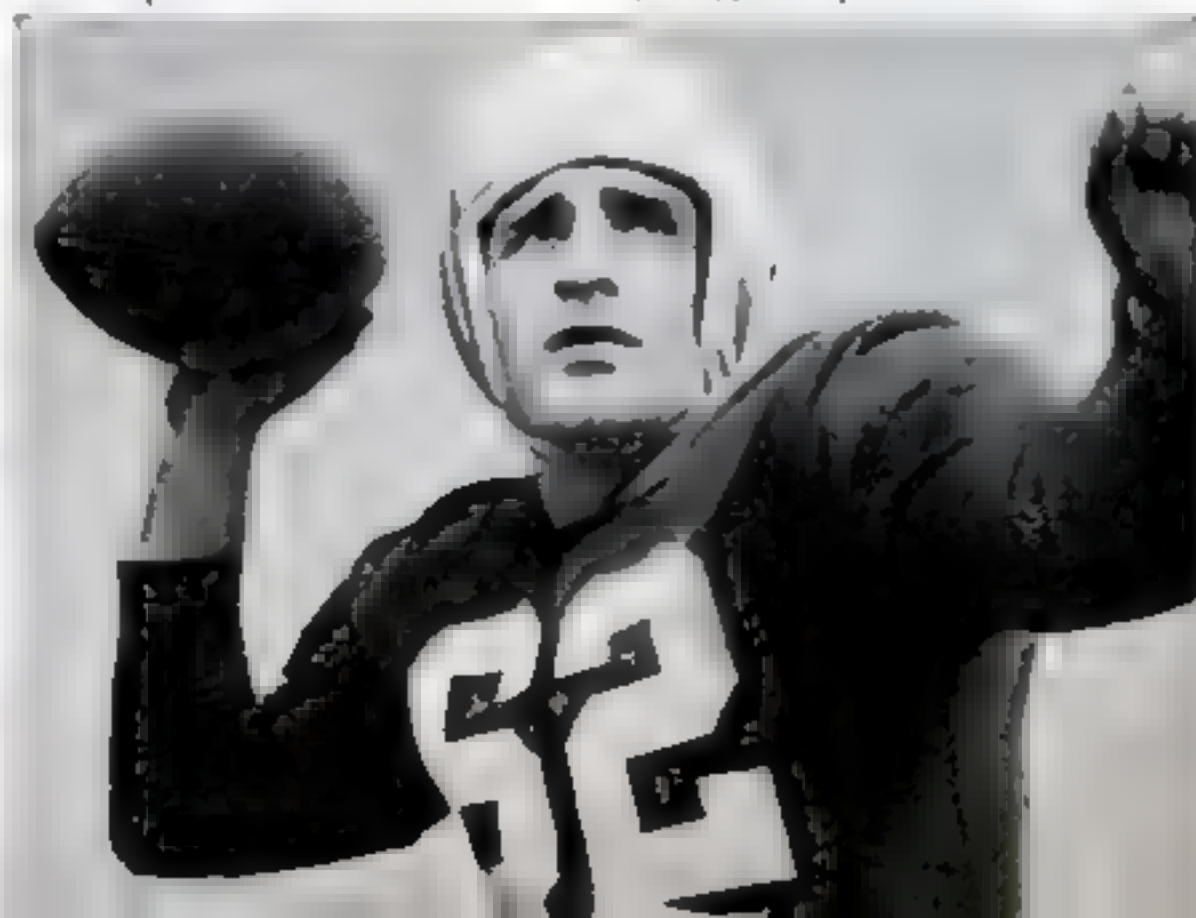
30th ANNIVERSARY YEAR



AMHERST student, John S. Alvord, lives in Santa Barbara, California. He says, "Of course I fly. A plane gets you places faster, and it's so much more comfortable. I've already flown over 20,000 miles."

GEORGIA is the home of Charley Trippi, former All-America star of the University of Georgia. "I'm playing for the Chicago Cardinals this fall," says Charley, "but Chicago is only a couple of hours by air. I always fly, and prefer the DC-6."

MOUNT HOLYOKE junior, Mary Ella Morris, commutes by air from her home in Tulsa, Oklahoma. "It's wonderful," she says, "how flying cuts down distance between friends in Tulsa and at school."

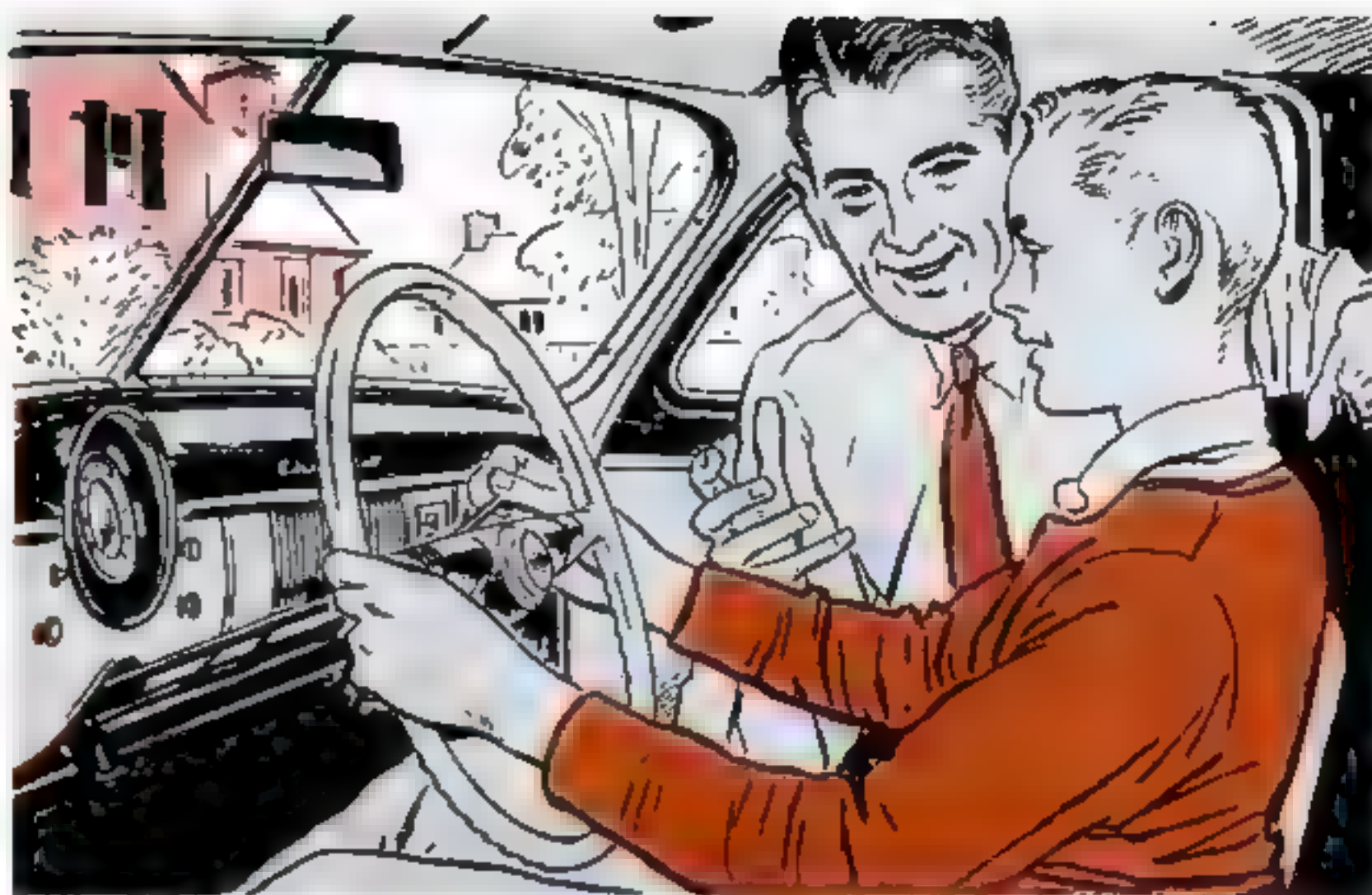




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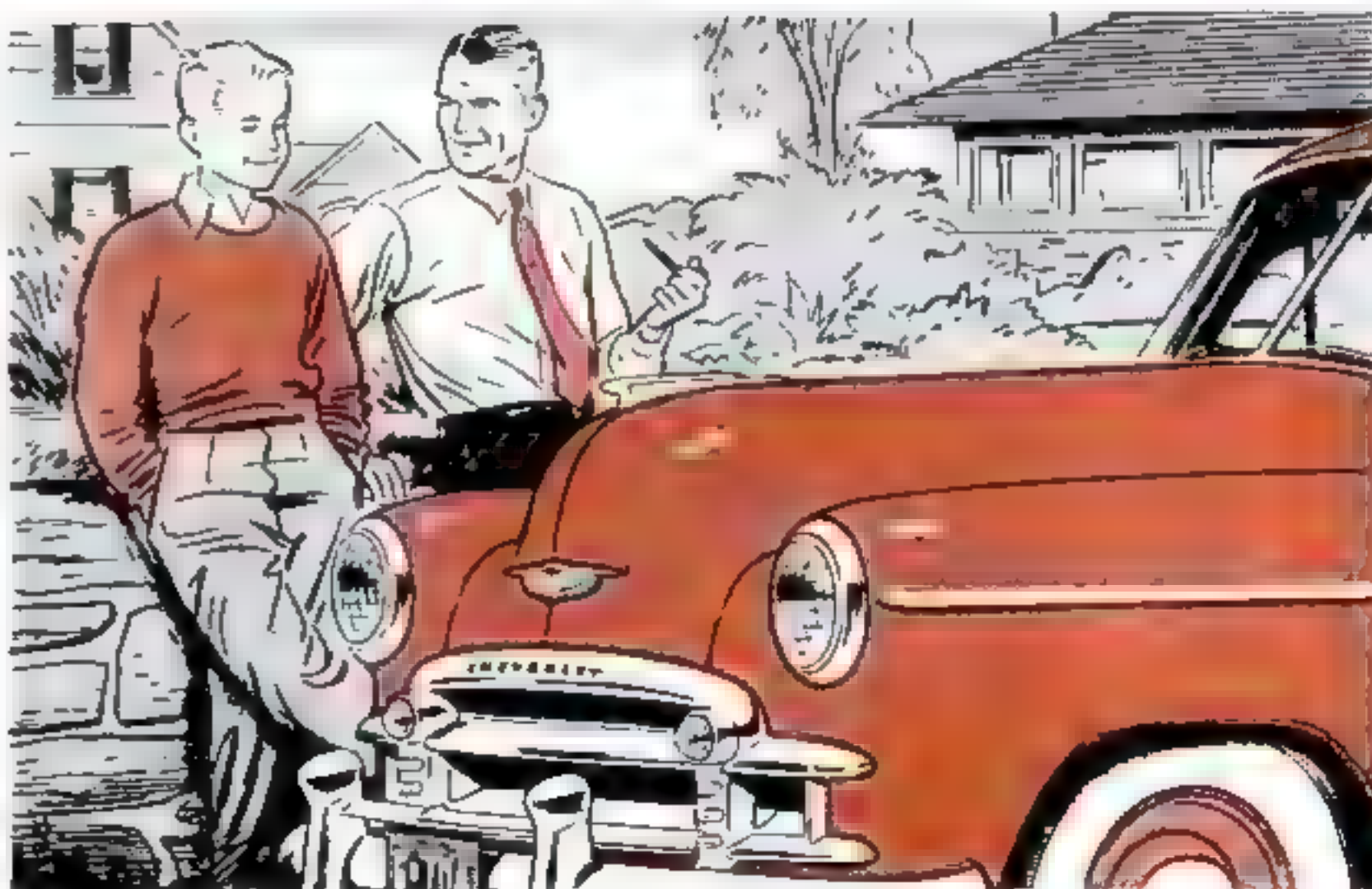
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THEATER



LADY TEAZLE'S FAN MOMENTARILY HOLDS EYES OF THE AUDIENCE IN CIRCLE THEATER AS SHE LEANS FORWARD TO PICK IT OFF HER 18TH CENTURY TABLE

IRMA IS A LADY

Most people find it hard to dissociate blonde Actress Marie Wilson from the role she has played about 150 times on the radio and twice in the movies—My Friend Irma, a bosomy birdbrain whose lunatic laugh and immense goodwill are somehow never adequate to keep herself and her associates out of a world of trouble. There was surprise manifested in some circles accordingly when it was announced that Miss Wilson was to play the part of Lady Teazle, a witty and frolicsome noblewoman of 18th Century England in Sheridan's classic comedy, *The School for Scandal*. But the audiences that have been crowding into the tiny Circle Theater in Hollywood (a "theater in the round," where the spectators sit on all sides of the square stage) have reported that the illusion of

an older and courtlier day is kept up for surprisingly long stretches. Marie makes a handsome Lady Teazle as she gets involved with a crowd of male and female scandalmongers, avoids seduction by her husband's friend and finally keeps both her husband and her reputation. Only rarely does the shrill giggle of My Friend Irma break into the speeches of Lady Teazle; nor does she often go out of her way to bring Sheridan up to date as when she sweeps off stage with a stately swish, cooing "Ta-ta." Audiences have been distracted sometimes by loud bursts of laughter, evidently coming from Marie off in the wings when she heard something which struck her as particularly amusing being said on the stage. However, distraction has always been a feature of this artist's stock in trade.

MARIE BOWS AFTER A PERFORMANCE FOR 135 SPECTATORS



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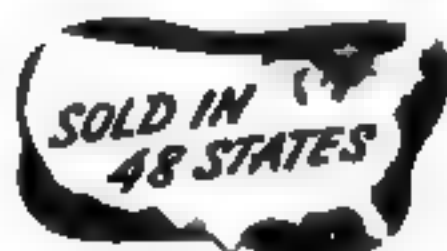


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Lady Irma CONTINUED



RETRIEVING OF FAN is bit of business introduced by Miss Wilson to enliven the scene in which Joseph Surface tries unsuccessfully to seduce Lady Teazle. Down goes the fan (*top picture*) and down bends Lady Teazle to pick it up. But reflecting that this will put an intolerable strain on her stays, she straightens up quickly and goes down for it a second time with her back stiff.

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Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 1 teaspoonful fine granulated sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. SEAGRAM'S Ancient Bottle GIN. Shake with cracked ice and pour unstrained into a Collins glass. Fill with carbonated water; stir and serve with slice of lemon and cherry.



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WASHINGTON SQUARE

ITS NORTH SIDE HOMES LINGER ON,
AN OUTPOST OF PATRICIAN NEW YORK

Crook an arm over the upper part of the picture above, looking out the Empire State's slim tower and the argus-eyed buildings of midtown New York. What is left, aside from automobiles, is a look back into the heart of 19th Century America. It is half of Washington Square's famous north side, whose white doorways, prim brick facades and high stoops make a charming anachronism in 1950 New York. The square itself is an 8-acre park that, once a potter's field, became during the 1840s the city's most aristocratic neighborhood, and later was associated with almost every important American writer and artist. In the fall, Greek Revival houses of its north side, at various times, lived William Dean Howells, Edith Wharton and Henry James, who made it the locale for his famous novel *Washington Square*, later dramatized and filmed as *The Heiress*. Those ancient houses looked down on strollers Washington Irving, Mark Twain and Edgar Allan Poe, the latter taking his constitutional there at



WEST BLOCK of Washington Square North begins with the old Rhinelander houses (at extreme right) on the corner of Fifth Avenue, which are now apartments.

EAST BLOCK, known as "Old Row" and built in the 1830s from one master plan, retains its old look. Only a few are still private houses. Most are now apartments.

the height of his *Raven* fame. Their walls echoed to the click of Samuel Morse's first telegraph, when he demonstrated it at New York University on the square's east side. Later, on the south side lived a less genteel artistic generation, the Dreisers and O. Henrys, Stephen Cranes and John Sloans. Around the corner, at various times, were Eugene O'Neill, Sherwood Anderson and Vachel Lindsay.

Despite encroachment over the years by lesser, art-struck invaders from surrounding Greenwich Village, as well as by the university and apartment builders, the square's north side never lost its pre-Civil War look nor its air of patrician dignity, which LIFE Photographer Walter Sanders caught in these pictures. In recent years residents (following pages) have fought repeated engagements to preserve the north side. Although the Rhinelander house (above, right) is about to be replaced by a modern apartment, their delaying action against inexorable time has, in large measure, been successful.

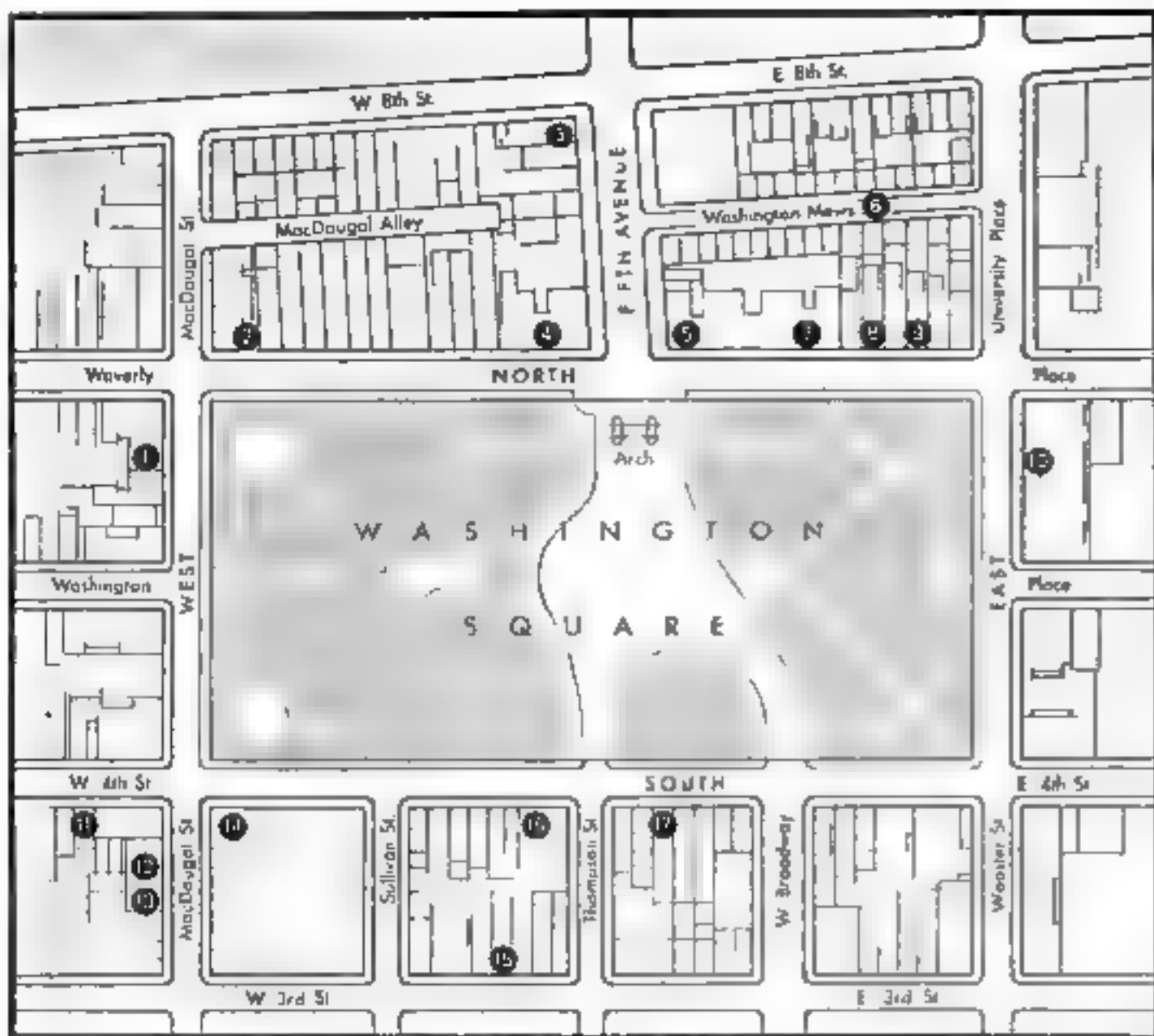


WASHINGTON SQUARE CONTINUED

ELDERLY ARTIST F. W. Stokes lives in Number 3, where John Singer Sargent used to visit him, and Artist Edward Hopper (died, April 17) now lives. Stokes, 92, went with Peary to Greenland, did pictures like those to left background and like some other Old Row apartments is heated by stove.

DESCENDANTS of noted Americans are Mr. and Mrs. Henry Longelow LeBlond, whose living room is pictured in right background, pattern elegance that is found in some west coast houses. He is descended from Peter Longelow and Arthur Richard Duran, she is an 11th generation descendant of Pauline.





MAP OF SQUARE shows where some well known residents have lived. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt until recently had an apartment at 1. The Y W C A was founded in 1870 in what was then a home for working women 2. City's first art gallery (1856) was at home 3 of John Taylor Johnston, later first head of Metropolitan Museum of Art. Rhineland houses 4 were built in 1849 by William C. Rhineland, a real-estate man. One of them was locale of Henry James's novel, *Washington Square*. Novelists Edith Wharton and William Dean Howells lived at 5. Washington Mews 6, an alleyway of small houses, has been home of Walter Lippmann, Grover Whalen, Sculptor Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Official residence of city mayors was once at 7. Harry Woodburn Chase, chancellor of New York University, now lives at 8. John Dos Passos and Rockwell Kent have lived at 9. Samuel Morse invented telegraph while art professor at N.Y.U. 10. Samuel Colt developed first revolver in same building. John Barrymore once had penthouse at 11. Nathaniel Currier, founder of Currier & Ives, lived at 12. Eugene O'Neill's first plays were presented at Provincetown Playhouse 13. Journalist Lincoln Steffens lived at 14. Edgar Allan Poe published *The Raven* while living at 15. Edwin Arlington Robinson, Explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Painter John Sloan lived at 16. "House of Genius" 17, now torn down, housed Theodore Dreiser, O. Henry, Willa Cather.



WASHINGTON ARCH, built in 1892, stands at north entrance to square and straddles foot of Fifth Avenue. Windows at right are in the Rhineland houses.

OLD RESIDENT, Mrs. Eugene Mock, 90, rides stair elevator in son-in-law's 118-year-old house on Washington Square North, a half block west of the arch.





WEARING AN OLD MARINE CAP, "UNCLE JOHN" HOSKINS LISTENS ATTENTIVELY AS HIS BOMBER PILOTS REPORT ON STRIKE AGAINST NORTH KOREAN TARGETS

OUR PEG-LEG ADMIRAL

Commanding carrier force off Korea, John Hoskins has proved able, popular and fast on his one foot

FROM LIFE'S CORRESPONDENTS IN WASHINGTON AND THE FAR EAST

THIS war has its freak points, some grim and some just curious. Around Pusan and P'ohang-dong in Korea soldiers of the supposedly brawniest nation on earth have gotten backed almost into the sea by the battering army of half a nation—of whose whole existence most Americans, till all too lately, were only foggily aware. Off the Korean shores, U.S. naval forces, headed by the 27,100-ton fast carrier *Valley Forge*, find themselves in the strange role of throwing their jet and propeller-driven planes into tactical support of the dog-tired GIs stumbling back through the mountains and plains. And flying his flag on the *Valley Forge*, in charge of the U.S. Navy's Carrier Division III, is the Navy's only peg-leg admiral.

Of all the oddities this last is certainly the happiest, for Rear Admiral John Madison Hoskins (see cover) has a great deal more to qualify him for his job than the fact that his right leg ends three inches above the ankle. Nor has he wasted much time in proving it. Since the end of June, when emergency orders suddenly ended the *Valley Forge's* leisurely Pacific training cruise, genial "Uncle

John" and his entire division have been working all 15 daylight hours every day to hit the North Koreans with all they've got. They've got five squadrons which (with time out for dodging typhoons and resupplying) have been swooping off the carrier's flight deck at an average of 80 sorties daily. They've been hitting everything from oil refineries to horse carts. And without breaking their pace of attack for long, they also flew over for the 1st Cavalry's amphibious landings at P'ohang-dong.

Hoskins likes speed. His carrier had planes on their targets less than 24 hours after he started planning their mission in a Japanese port. The *Valley Forge* spent those 24 hours loading ammunition directly from supply ship to planes on the flight deck. For every two bombs going into the hold, one went topside to a plane. Next day, when Hoskins moved cautiously into Korean waters, he had no idea what opposition he would meet but plowed blandly ahead under the coldly quizzical stare of unidentified periscopes. So far the admiral hasn't met anything more disturbing than that unblinking scrutiny.

Gregarious and easygoing, Hoskins speaks of the most serious business in the most folksy figures of speech. Speaking this week of his carrier's unusual role, he slipped into his favorite baseball lingo. "Miller Huggins never called on Babe Ruth to bunt," he said. "The targets we've been going after are the work of a jeep carrier. But if a squeeze bunt will win the ball game, we'll bunt with the best of them." If that's homely language, it's also apt enough, for extraordinary teamwork has been perhaps the most striking operational achievement in this area. Uncle John himself said flatly, "You can't say too much about the fine cooperation and coordination we have with the Air Force." Commander Harvey Lanham, who commands the *Valley Forge's* jet squadron of F9F Grumman Panthers, backed him up with detail:

"Our heavy-bomb and rocket loads are paying off," Lanham said, "and the coordination is perfect. When we fly, we get our targets from an Air Force trainer flying over the front lines, and this plane is getting its assignments from a radio jeep cruising as near the front as possible. . . . Take the other

day's operations as an example. Over Hadong there were stacked up my eight jets, four F-51s, seven Navy ADs, two F-80s, one Air Force AT-6 and eight Navy Corsairs. All of them were yapping for targets from the control plane. Above the clouds were some Air Force B-26s and two more F-80s trying to find a hole in the clouds so they could join us. Hadong, which is a fair-size town, was already burning in five places. As fast as he got the targets from the liaison jeep, the control plane dished them out to us and away we went. I don't know what the other boys got, but my jets had juicy pickings on tanks and trucks."

This is the kind of smoothly geared operation Hoskins is directing. At the end of two weeks of it he happily signaled all ships in his command, "It's wonderful to manage a team when every player gets a hit every time he comes to the plate. Well done."



STUDENT Hoskins had a long fight for Annapolis appointment.

If one were to judge from his early years, it is no less remarkable today to find John Hoskins a respected admiral than it would be to find him managing a World Series team this fall. At almost any time in his minority his friends would instantly have voted him least likely to succeed.

For the couple of thousand souls of his home town of Pineville, Ky., it was a great day of relief and rejoicing when young John was graduated from the Naval Academy. It had

been a tough pull. With only one year of high school education he had even had trouble getting into Annapolis, failing his written entrance exam twice and his physical three times. After he made it, in June 1917, John's father used to bewilder many but not all of Pineville's citizens when he strolled down the main street proudly snapping his suspenders and reporting to admiring friends, "John's doing mighty well at the Academy. Only 300 in his class and he tells me he stands right at the top: Number 299."

John achieved several distinctions at the Naval Academy. They were: 1) His first year he wound up as anchor man of his class—the lowest ranking plebe who didn't flunk out. 2) For four years he was a member of "the submarine squad"—midshipmen forced to take special instruction to get by the swimming test. 3) He was unchallenged as the loudest and most obnoxious snorer in the crowded dormitory. 4) He won a reputation as a ladies' man, saluted by the Academy's yearbook *The Lucky Bag*: "He can convince any femme that she is the best friend he has in the world and . . . any chaperone that her presence is unnecessary."

But, in the mysterious way that education sometimes gets results, Ensign Hoskins, by the time he got his first assignment to sea duty on the U.S.S. *Nevada* in 1921, had acquired the elusive qualities that make a good officer. "He was outstanding in all respects," one classmate recalls with unselfconscious preciseness, "except scholastic and athletic." What the young Hoskins had in abundance were good, rare human qualities: warmth of understanding, the ability to work with men, a buoyant sense of humor and plain guts. He was going to need them all.

Until near the end of World War II, John Hoskins' career followed

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



BOMBING OF "PRINCETON," a light carrier, just before he was to take command, cost Hoskins his right foot. This was in the Battle for Leyte Gulf.



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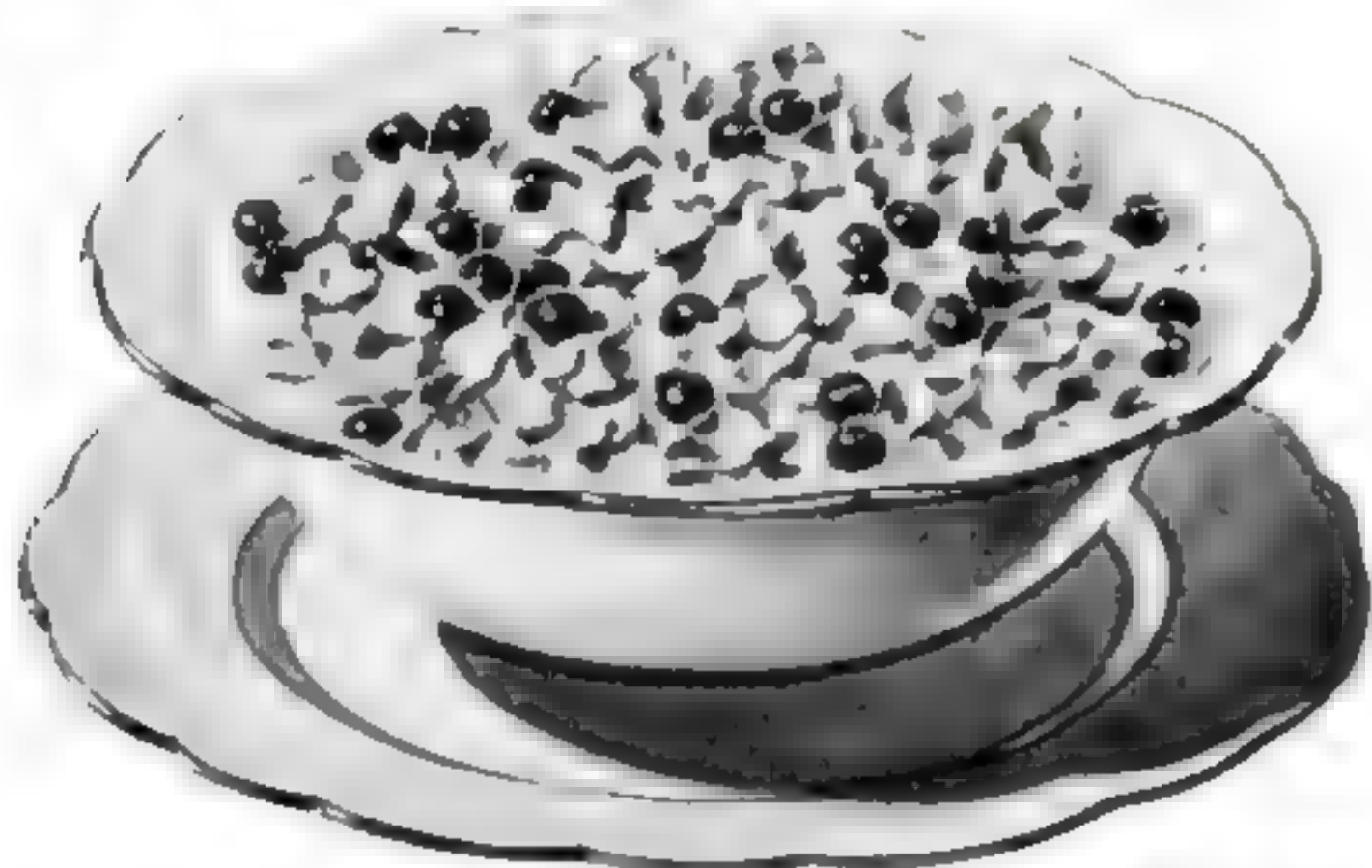
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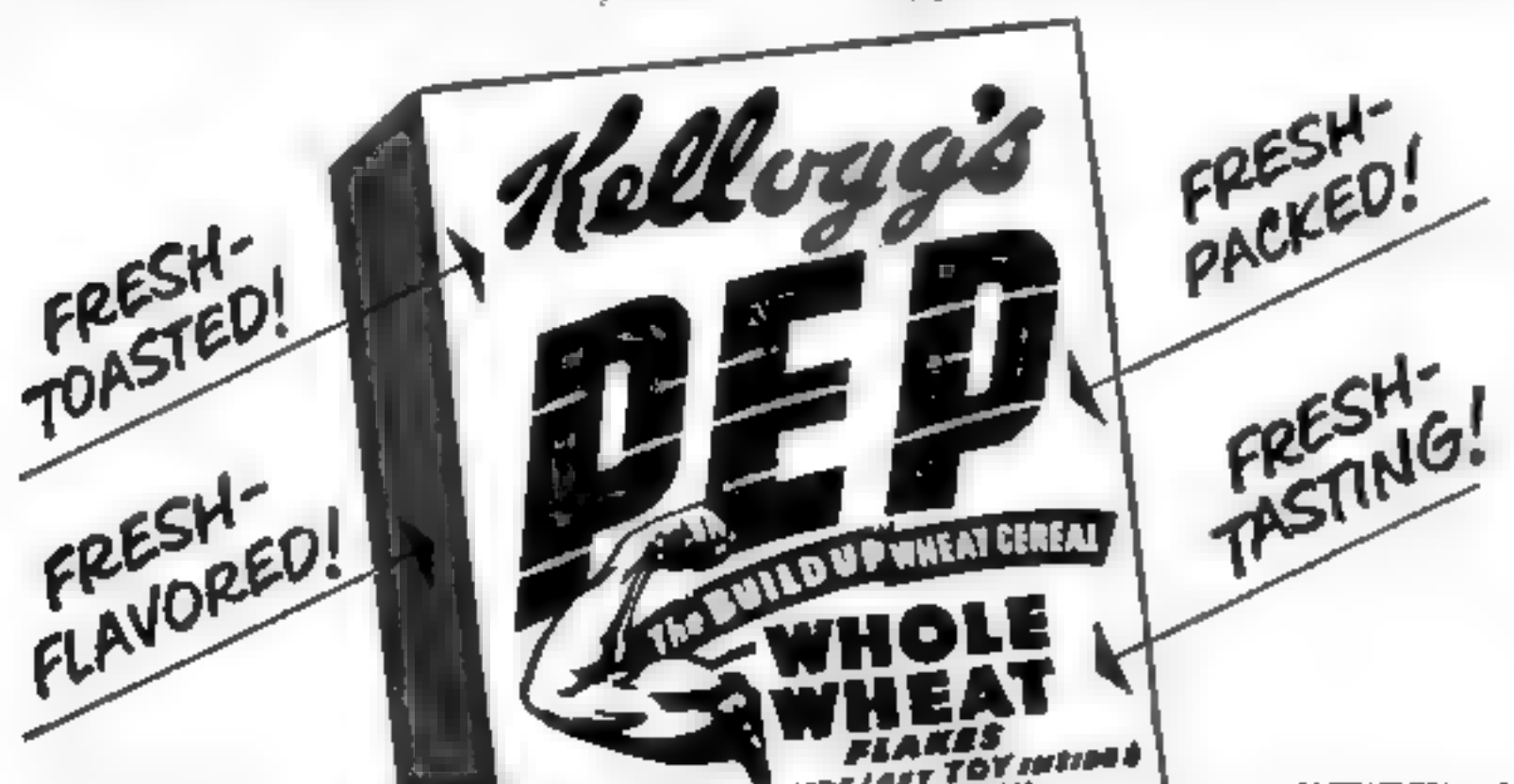
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PEG-LEG ADMIRAL CONTINUED

the usual pattern of the naval aviator, with sea duty alternating with shore and staff assignments. He was never passed over in promotion; he was never singled out for specially tough assignments or difficult missions. He easily and fully won the respect of any ship he commanded, faithfully practicing the axiom of "loyalty down begets loyalty up."

Late in 1944 Hoskins headed for his first carrier command—the U.S.S. *Princeton*—and the harsh turning point in his career. He boarded the *Princeton* in the Pacific with instructions to "snap in"

for a few days in what the Navy calls "make you learn" status, before taking over from Captain William Buracker. His second day aboard, the morning of October 24, a lone Japanese dive bomber dropped a single 500-pound bomb on the *Princeton*—normally not a serious blow, but this bomb tore through the flight deck and the hangar deck, setting off gasoline fires and exploding torpedoes. Although Buracker ordered the ship abandoned but for a salvage crew, Hoskins elected to stay to help direct the fire fighting. This week he recalled that day:



IN HOSPITAL in U.S. cheerful Hoskins cheered up his wife Sue.

"We fought the fire from 9:30 that morning until 3:30 in the afternoon.

Our sprinklers were knocked out. I was knocked flat on my fanny three times. We finally transferred all our personnel except 20 of us to other ships. At one point I saw the Number 1 elevator blasted up three decks by an explosion. Then we got a submarine warning, and ships standing by had to leave. The fire spread to where our depth charges were stored. What a blast! All 20 of us were knocked flat. The whole stern of the ship was blasted off. Everyone started to run forward—but I couldn't get up. There was my bare right foot—minus shoe and sock—hanging by a tendon almost completely severed. They carried me forward and the doctor, who was injured himself, went to work on me with a sheath knife. In his dazed condition he forgot to give me morphine. Cutting off that tendon was the worst pain I have ever experienced."

Humorist Hoskins began to enjoy that missing foot almost immediately. As he was being removed in a stretcher from the *Princeton*, he cracked his first joke about it to Captain Buracker, mournfully looking on, with the smiling formal question, "Permission to leave the ship, sir?" Flown back to the U.S., Hoskins telephoned his wife news of his injury. The conversation went like this:

Hoskins: "Sue, remember I was always having so much trouble from athlete's foot on my right foot? Well, I finally got that all fixed up."

Mrs. Hoskins: "Fine, how'd you get rid of it?"

Hoskins: "Easy. No foot."

Uncle John, back at Philadelphia's Naval Hospital, now became a hard man to control. He plagued his superiors not only with wry jokes but with bullheaded determination to get back to active duty, one leg or two. He began his campaign when Admiral "Bull" Halsey visited him. "Hell, Admiral," Hoskins yelled, "the Navy doesn't expect a man to think with his feet. That blast didn't knock off my head." He further insisted to all who listened that in an emergency a wooden-legged admiral, sleeping with one shoe on, could leap to the bridge faster than a normal two-footed sluggard. All the while he kept a sharp eye on the nearby Philadelphia Navy Yard, where a new carrier *Princeton* was being built. Relentlessly he needled his doctors: were the shipyard workers going to finish building a carrier before the medics had her future commanding officer on his feet?



ON CRUTCHES, Hoskins got dressed up to receive two medals.

The combination of will and wisecracks paid off. Before a medical board benevolently prodded by Admiral King, Hoskins demonstrated a mastery of his artificial foot that enabled him to walk easily, clamber up and down ship's ladders. In November 1945 he was ordered to command the new (and fifth) carrier *Princeton*. Meanwhile, fittingly, the 81st Squadron—from the old *Princeton*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

Custom-made for Ted Williams, star swatsman for the Boston Red Sox. Ted Williams has twice won the American League's Most Valuable Player Award. In 1949 he led the American League batsmen with 43 homers. His "Louisville Slugger" bats are custom-made by Hillerich & Bradsby, Louisville, Kentucky. The rest of his equipment is custom-made by Wilson Sporting Goods Company.



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—had expressed its admiration and affection for Uncle John by adopting as its emblem a gaudy little caricature of him: a saberslinging pirate with an aircraft carrier under one arm and a peg leg firing ammunition like a machine gun.

This week the triumph of Philadelphia's Navy doctors over the shipyard workers looked perfectly complete: the *Princeton* is in mothballs in San Diego, while the peg-leg admiral carries his war to the Koreans.

At 52, slightly plump, with graying hair and fading freckles, Uncle John is giving all he himself has got to the job on hand—including 13 pounds of weight lost in less than a fortnight of feverish work. He has little time for his usual casual diversions of cribbage, reading whodunits or Wild West yarns, but the pressure of the hour doesn't inhibit his normal, easygoing relations with his officers and men. He eats in his air-conditioned dining room with a dozen of his staff officers, calls them all by first names. He is equally

considerate of a fresh young ensign reporting for duty. In every gesture he displays that rare lack of officiousness he once voiced to a friend when he was promoted to captain. Standing before a mirror reflecting the four new gold stripes, he smilingly told himself aloud, "Hoskins, you're no captain in this man's Navy. You're just four ensigns."

No brash stickler for discipline, Hoskins nonetheless insists on a ship's proper formality and personnel inspection on schedule. Material inspection each Friday brings him scrambling, wooden leg and all, down into the deepest magazines and engine spaces. He moves easily—as one of his officers remarked, "All you might think is that he was breaking in a new pair of shoes." And he still jokes easily and merrily about his peg leg—as to a friend recently who asked what he did with the wooden foot at night:

"Sleep with it. I've slept with worse."

Not even Hoskins' warmest admirer thinks of him as a strategist of genius. He lacks the brilliance of an Admiral Sherman; he has never shown any flair for imaginative improvisations in naval tactics. But he has the competence, experience and sound judgment to be an excellent instrument of the planners. If, as might well happen, Hoskins' forces are called upon to oppose a Chinese Communist amphibious assault on Formosa, his superiors are confident he will do a good job.

Their confidence is exceeded, if anything, by that of the men serving under Uncle John. From the lowliest seaman second class to the top staffmen, they are proud and happy to be where they are. As one who served with him on more than one assignment said simply, "It didn't take any Act of Congress to make him a gentleman. He's a hell of a nice man." As for the GIs, digging in around Pusan and P'ohang-dong and hearing the heartening rip of Hoskins' jets overhead, they would probably also agree that right now he's a hell of a useful man to have around.



PIRATE emblem was adopted by airmen as salute to Hoskins.



UNIFICATION seems to work better in Far East than in Washington. Here Hoskins (left) discusses plans with 20th Air Force's Maj. Gen. Alvan Kincaid.

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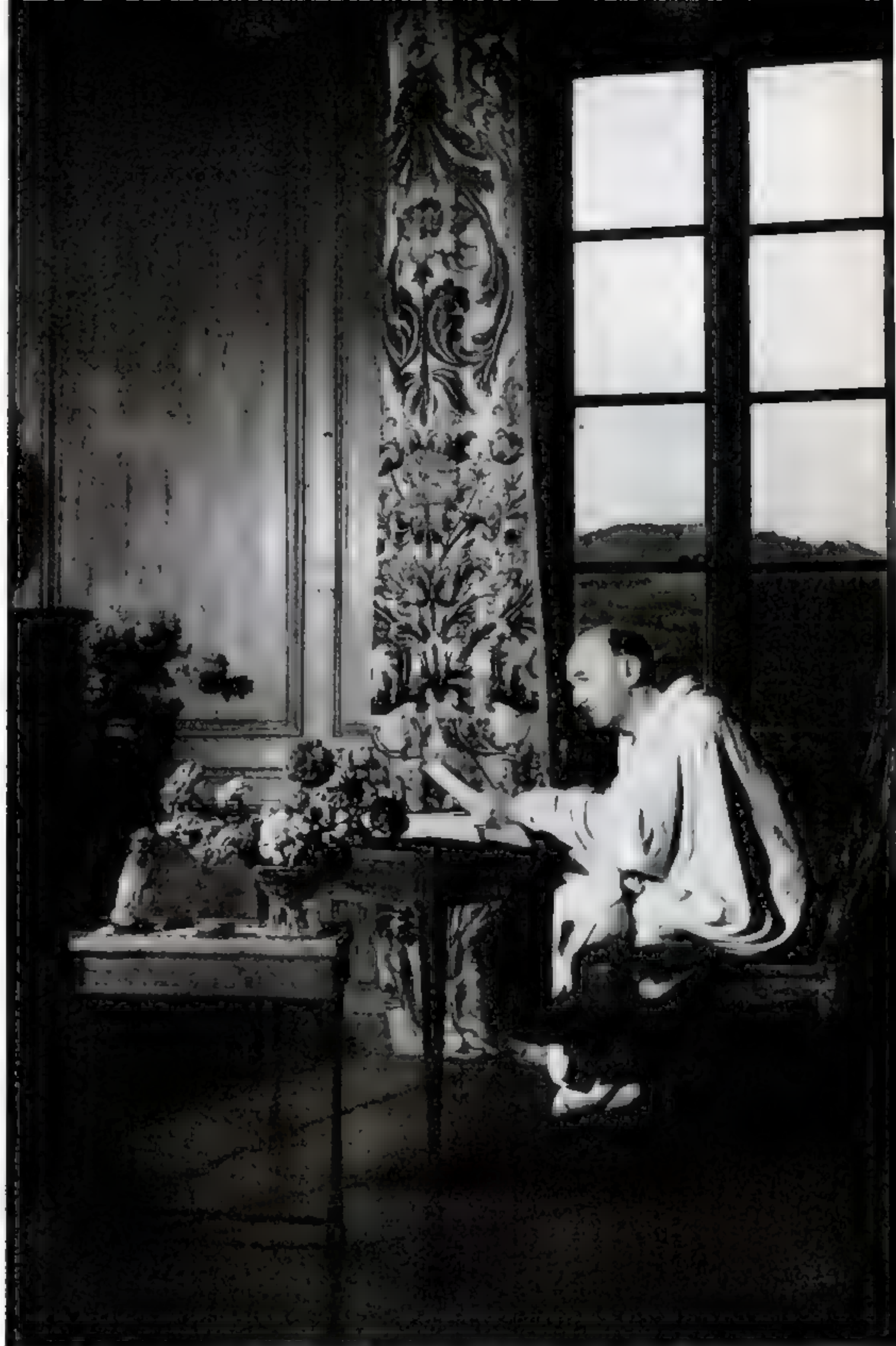
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PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY JOHN PHILLIPS



OLD FAMILY ABBEY WITH WIFE, MARIE

In 1030 a French heiress named Montesquiou fell in love with the fourth Count of Fezensac, and married him. This merger of wealth and nobility founded one of France's most powerful families, the Montesquiou Fezensac—a name that has been woven repeatedly into the tapestry of French history. There were Montesquiou marshals who led the armies of the French kings. The family produced a president of a legislative assembly, a commissioner of finance, a governor of Napoleon's son and the swashbuckling guardsman D'Artagnan, whose mother was a Montesquiou and whose exploits Alexander Dumas romanticized. The most notorious member of the family—which is not to be confused with that of the historian Baron de Montesquieu—was Blaise de Montesquiou (also Seigneur de



JEAN, 47, IS A NOVELIST. WEARS ESTHETICALLY DRAPED BATHROBE WHEN WRITING

Montluc, Prince of Chabanaïs and Marshal of France). During the religious wars the prince butchered the Protestants with such ferocity that he acquired still another title, "Red Montluc." With the fall of the monarchy in 1848, the Montesquiou, like all French nobility, fell too. Today they no longer dominate French national life but have survived through wars and other crises as an influential clan in the high social circles of democratized France. On these pages are three of the family's leading members.

Pierre de Montesquiou, fifth Duke of Fezensac, is shown standing in his château in Gascony, below a mural portraying the death of his ancestor by marriage, Edgar de Felire, in Napoleon's Italian campaign. Pierre's cousin, Count Fernand de Montesquiou Fezensac, stands with

his wife in the ruins of an abbey near Paris. Destroyed in the French Revolution, the abbey was bought by Fernand's great-great-grandfather. In the dim light of his study sits Fernand's brother, Count Jean de Montesquiou Fezensac, whose château is in the Morvan in northeastern France. All three are married. Fernand leads a devout, almost monastic life. Pierre and Jean are more active, maintaining Paris apartments but spending much of their time in the provinces, where one runs a family business and both run lovely old châteaux. There they mingle comfortably with the villagers and entertain their relatives and friends in the exclusive rural social world that LIFE visits on these pages. It is a well insulated society, one that outsiders—French or alien—rarely if ever glimpse.



CHATEAU DE MARSAN, RESTORED IN 18TH CENTURY, HAS BEEN INHABITED BY PIERRE DE MONTESQUIOU'S ANCESTORS SINCE 1000

DAILY: EUGENE THE VALET CLOSES SEEMINGLY ENDLESS LINE



THE DAY'S MENU at Marsan is planned by Pierre and Antoinette, his 80-year-old housekeeper and cook. During winters when he lives in Paris and visits Marsan on business, he eats in the kitchen.



DUSTING paintings of Pierre's ancestors and rare Louis XVI furniture: servants use goose-feather dusters. Furniture was seized and auctioned off by the government during French Revolution, but it was bought back by a faithful servant.



Pierre is a liquor merchant and a dutiful country squire

In appearance Pierre de Montesquiou is said to resemble his glamorous ancestor, D'Artagnan. In personality he is probably altogether different. A serious, hard-working man, he is a lawyer and once planned to enter the diplomatic service. Instead he went into the business of marketing Armagnac, a potent, plum-flavored, 20-year-old liquor made by his family, which had distilled it for centuries for its own consumption. Since World War II, when he served in the *maquis* along with his friends, Prince Napoleon and Prince Murat, Pierre's Armagnac company has been flourishing and he is now beginning to export his product to the U.S.

The Armagnac, much like a fine brandy, is made at Pierre's ancestral home (left) in the village of Marsan in southern France. There, besides running his liquor business and household servants, he is kept busy overseeing the farming of the land that stretches away from his château and taking in the affairs of the village which his family owned in feudal times. He gives advice to the villagers in their legal matters and plans Marsan's annual two-day fair. Recently he was elected mayor, but he stepped down in favor of his runner-up, the baker. Over weekends he and his wife entertain with much of the elegance and the ceremony of the Montesquiou of centuries ago. On retiring for the night in the Château de Marsan, each guest finds a jug of Armagnac on his bed table which he must drink before morning or, according to tradition, run the risk of offending his host.

OF CHATEAU BLINDS AT 9 A.M. AND OPENS THEM AT 6 P.M.



AT VILLAGE CARNIVAL Pierre solemnly showers an unsuspecting villager with handful of confetti. During these annual celebrations he also invites the local dignitaries in for a lavish dinner and dances with the village belles in the square.



STARTING BICYCLE RACE, Pierre holds the contestants to the mark and prepares to wave flag to set them off. He sponsors race each year, and afterward he invites the cyclists to the carnival banquet at the château.





SAMPLING ARMAGNAC at his business office in Auch, Pierre holds his glass under a dropper held by his bottler who has been working for him for 25 years. Labeled bottles at right are among the first that Pierre is shipping to the U.S.



PIERRE'S WIFE, Nine, known as one of France's handsomest women, sits beneath portrait of family ancestor who was governess to Napoleon's son, King of Rome. Nine and Pierre have two young daughters and the son on opposite page.



SNIFFING ARMAGNAC, Pierre's guest at Marsan, the Marquis d'Oysonville, contentedly contemplates his next sip. A friend of Pierre's late father, the marquis, called "little Uncle Eugène," visits Marsan annually.

← **PIERRE'S SON** and heir is precocious Aymeri, 7, who was named after a famous Montesquieu general. He refuses to eat with his sisters, who bore him, and likes to pore over history books and then stump grownups on facts he has just learned.



JEAN'S CHATEAU in the Morvan, built in 17th Century, dominates village of La Roche Millay. Despite reduced income he struggles to keep it in repair.

Jean is the esthete, and a great gourmet

In many ways the opposite of his cousin Pierre, Count Jean de Montesquiou is preoccupied with esthetic affairs. He has written three novels and is at work on a fourth entitled *Sow the Moon*. In his daily life he maintains the leisurely habits of an 18th Century intellectual-and-epicure-about-court. He loves to savor the finest foods, to attend salons, musical afternoons in the gardens, recitations of poetry and intimate discussions spiced with grandly archaic language. Just as regularly as he dons his bathrobe in the morning when he writes, he wears a smoking jacket and slippers in the late afternoon and frequently follows this with another change for dinner. Because the count has a horror of watching time roll by, he has let the clocks in his chateau run down. He treasures his Louis XVI furniture so highly that he will allow no one to sit in it. While Jean has found himself in financial difficulties since the war, he is still determined to preserve his way of life, even though he must waste a morning fixing a telephone wire and even though the broom used to sweep his floors is so threadbare that a guest commented once it was "like cleaning the chateau with a toothbrush."



JEAN AND WIFE Natalie chat over after-dinner coffee in the living room. Clock, like others in chateau, has been allowed to run down. Large portrait of

ancestor on wall is by famous 18th Century French painter, Vanloo. Natalie is a Hungarian countess whose property was expropriated by Communists.



EATING IN COUNTRY Jean helps himself to chicken at meal put on for him by local butcher whose wife Yvonne serves him. This is an annual ceremony.



EATING IN PARIS at a historic restaurant, Le Grand Vefour, Jean pours salt on his bread as Louis, headwaiter, serves him steak and *pommes soufflées*.



IN GALLANT GESTURE Jean kisses the hand of Ballerina Janine Solane in her Paris studio. She is to be a main character in his new novel, and he came to

interview her and look around. Girls in background belong to Janine's own *corps de ballet* which specializes in dancing to the music of Bach and Beethoven.



IN PHONE BOOTH, which was once a sedan chair, Jean makes a casual business call. The elegant phone booth stands in the bar of Le Grand Vefour in Paris.



AT BANQUET given by Count and Countess of Virieu to celebrate their wedding anniversary, Jean rises and recites a poem written for the occasion by

a friend. Unable to obtain butlers, the hostess, at Jean's right, used her sons and friends, one of whom, with patch on his forehead, stands behind her chair.



AT RECITAL of poetry in the studio of a French sculptor, Jean listens spellbound to Reine Lorin, famous classical actress. Her husband sits at the right



OLD RETAINER Jean-Marie Pacot is one of last of faithful family servants. He has worked at Jean's place since 1905 and refers to it as "my château."



OLD FRIEND of Jean, Joseph Gustave Leflaive, → is a spry, jovial, 79-year-old winegrower who bottles wine himself, distributes it in both Europe and U.S.



JEAN'S GODFATHER and uncle, Duke of Noailles, stands beside his wife in the vast gallery of ancestors in their war-damaged château at Maintenon.

GOSSIPING in her back window, Mme. Rose Pacot (left), old retainer's wife, catches up on all the news with a crony from the village near Jean's estate. →



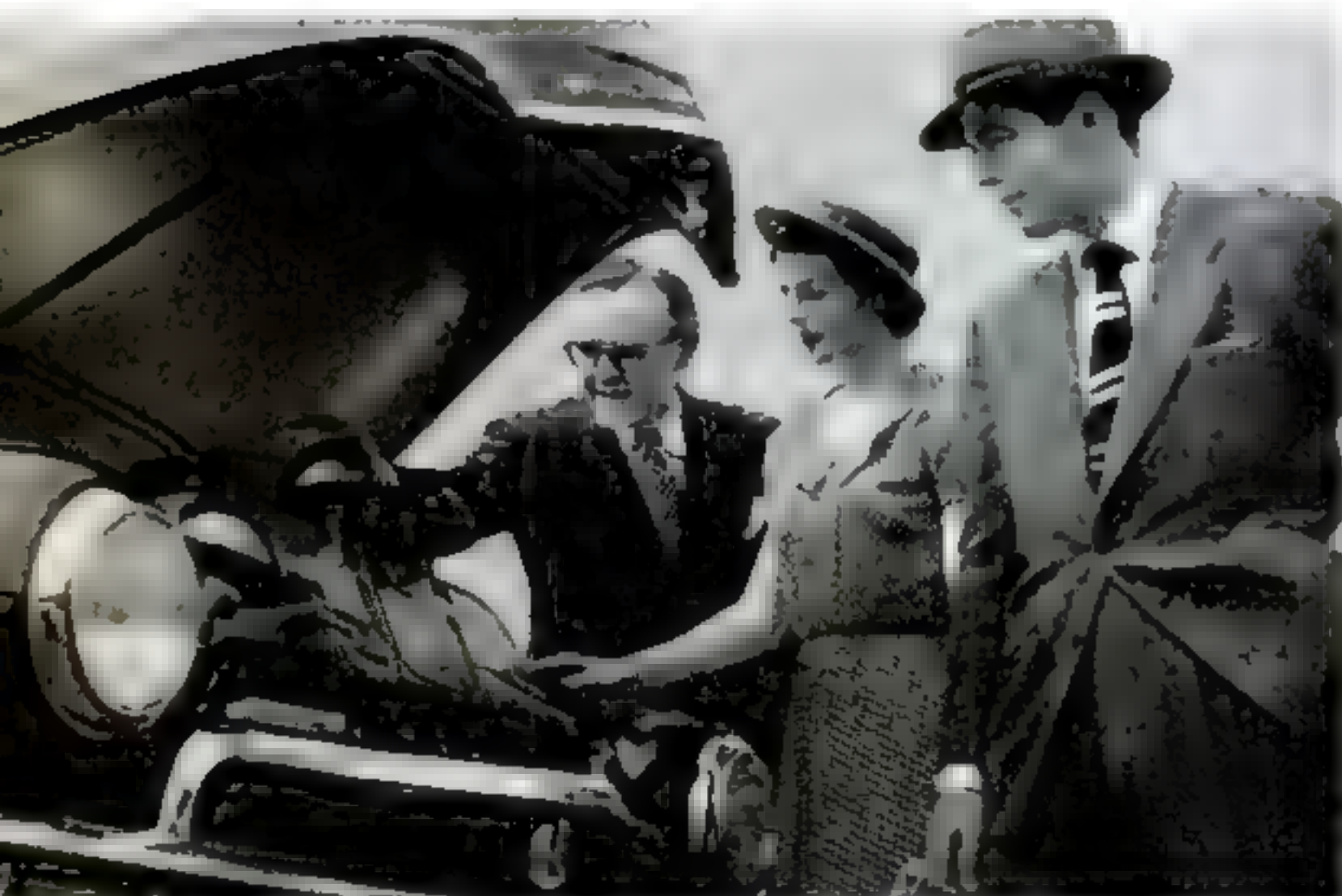


What to look for when you buy a new car

The driver of the old-time automobile knew a lot about cars. He got out and got under . . . and learned the hard way. But today the automobile has been so perfected that about all you have to know is how to drive and say "Fill 'er up." Few drivers ever look under the hood. There's little need to know much about a car in order to operate one.

Yet, in a way, that's too bad. All cars are good today, but not, generally speaking, so perfect that it doesn't pay to look at them, into them and even under them. There are differences. There are degrees of efficiency. It pays to compare all features of cars in the price range you want — and then add up the total values.

On these pages we call attention to some things to look for. Naturally, we mention what we believe are Plymouth superiorities. Yet we urge you to look at competing cars and make up your own mind. It's *your* money. And the car must please *you*. We hope you'll buy a Plymouth. But we really want *you* to decide that.



AN ENGINE THAT'S KEPT CLEAN lasts longer and runs more economically than one that isn't. So it's important to have efficient filters for air and gasoline. Look for these filters in the car you buy. Even if they cost extra, get them. In Plymouth they're included in the standard price. And they're top quality. For example, an Oil-ite fuel filter, located in the gasoline tank, keeps dirt from even entering the fuel lines.



TRY BRAKES FOR CONTROL. All new cars give quick stops. But you'll discover differences in ease, uniformity, and accuracy of braking action. Among leading low-priced cars, only Plymouth has a total of six hydraulic



MAKE SURE THAT THE BODY DESIGN is practical as well as beautiful. If you dent a fender, will it mean repairing a major section of the car? Plymouth fenders are bolted on — they are not an integral part of the body. For that reason repair or replacement is a relatively quick, easy and inexpensive job. This Plymouth feature can save you a lot of money.



YOU DON'T WANT A CAR that's going to get noisy after a while, so listen for whines, grinds or other suspicious sounds. Plymouth's chain-driven camshaft eliminates one possibility of noise. Silence is also among the reasons why Plymouth has a hypoid rear axle and tapered roller differential bearings. Meshing of important gears is pre-tested in a soundproof room.

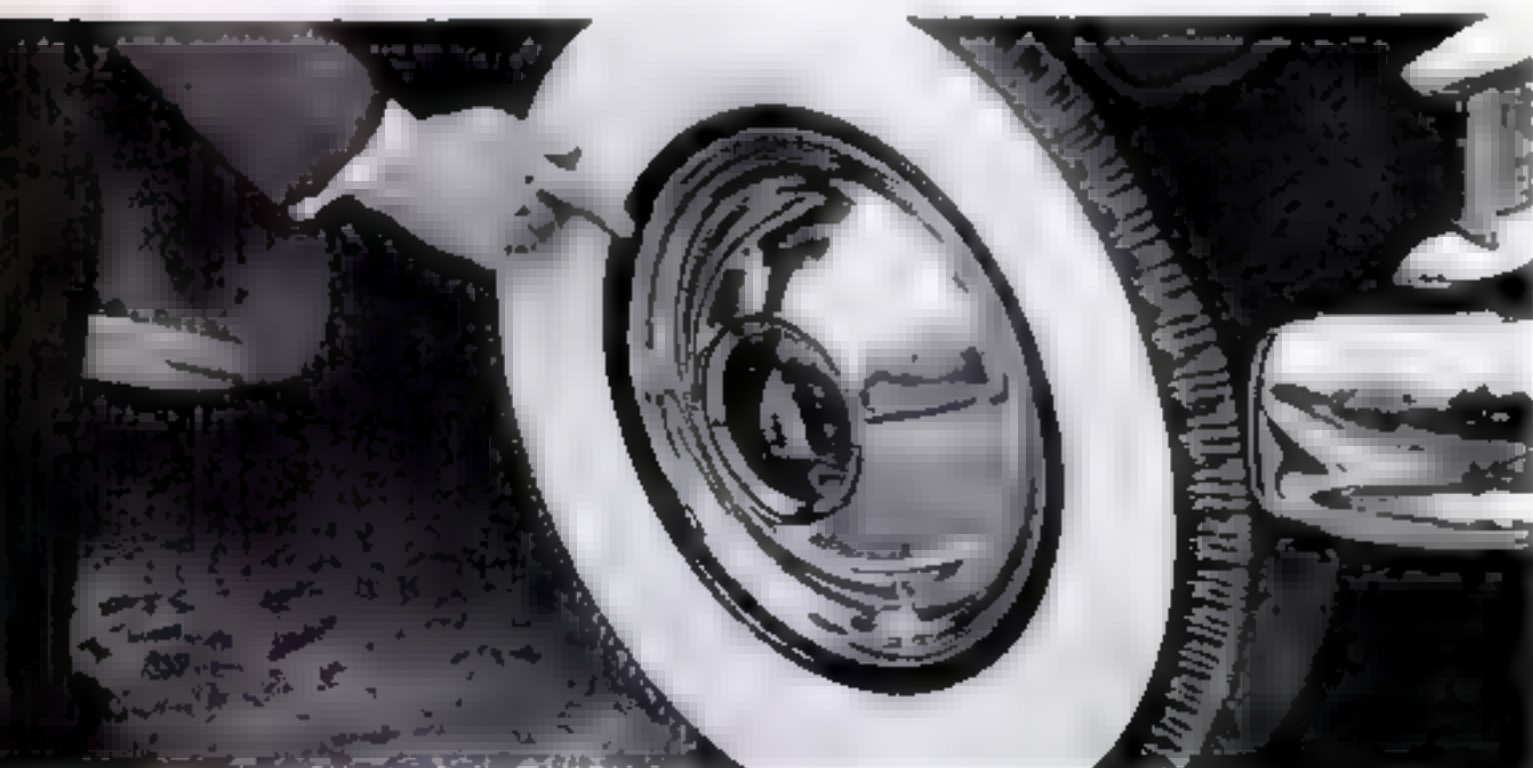


brake cylinders (the others have a total of four). These extra hydraulic cylinders, we are convinced, result in better control for Plymouth. They contribute to greater ease and smoothness — accurate stops even on wet

pavement — and brake action that's always uniform and predictable. You know exactly how your Plymouth is going to respond, for any pedal pressure you apply. You always get the kind of stop you expect and want.



DOES THE CAR YOU'RE CONSIDERING have an automatic choke to simplify starting and prevent waste of fuel? Plymouth not only has an electric automatic choke, but the engine starts automatically when you turn the ignition key. No other lowest-priced car, in our opinion, starts so easily or so economically, because no other lowest-priced car has these features.



WHEN A TIRE BLOWS OUT it may twist and the drag on that wheel may throw the car out of control. If the car you're considering has some form of protection, that's a big "plus" in its favor. Safety-Rim Wheels, exclusive on Plymouth in the lowest-priced field, have special retaining ridges that hold a deflated tire straight on the rim, giving you time for a safe, controlled stop.



BE EXTREMELY CRITICAL as you try the seats. Try to imagine how a minor awkwardness could turn into a major discomfort and cause fatigue after 300 miles or so. Only Plymouth in the lowest-priced field has natural-posture chair height seats. They give you erect, natural support like a comfortable chair. And in order to suit shorter people, the seat rises as it is adjusted forward. Airfoam seat cushions are available.

There are many other features of the leading cars that you ought to look into. A point-by-point comparison would be valuable to you. And your nearby Plymouth dealer has a folder that will help you compare. It lists major features of leading cars — suggests things to look for — and has spaces you can write in and keep your own score. The title is "How Good an Appraiser Are You?" and it's free. Why not get a copy from your nearby Plymouth dealer, and then use it to make a really careful purchase?

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31 Michigan

Plymouth





HELMSMAN IS STRUCK by a heavy sea breaking over raft's low stern, where hammering waves made the steering job dangerous and exhausting. The oar was

hard to handle even on calm days: it was made of heavy mangrove wood, with a pine blade. Picture shows Haugland serving his regular two-hour turn at the helm.

THE KON-TIKI ADVENTURE

Pounding seas . . . giant whales and mad sharks . . .
man overboard during a storm . . . treacherous reefs

by THOR HEYERDAHL

LIFE readers will recall a unique set of pictures in the issue of Oct. 20, 1947 on the *Kon-Tiki* expedition—a 101-day voyage by raft across 4,000 miles of the Pacific from Peru to the South Sea Islands. Now Thor Heyerdahl, the Norwegian ethnologist who organized the expedition to prove that the prehistoric settlers of Polynesia could have come from South America, has provided an even more exciting sequel with his detailed report on the trip (*The Kon-Tiki Expedition by Raft across the South Seas*, copyright 1950 by Thor Heyerdahl, to be published next month by Rand McNally & Co. and a September choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club). Herewith LIFE presents some absorbing sections of the book, together with new pictures. The story begins on the day in April 1947 when the raft, named *Kon-Tiki* to honor a pre-Inca sun god, was cast adrift after having been towed out into the coastal currents off Peru.



"KON-TIKI" UNDER SAIL, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM RAFT'S DINGHY IN TOW

THOSE first days and nights turned landlubbers into seamen. For the first 24 hours every man, in unbroken succession, had two hours at the helm and three hours' rest. Every single muscle in the body was strained to the uttermost throughout the watch to cope with the steering oar. When we were tired out with pushing the oar we went over to the other side and pulled, and when arms and chest were sore with pressing we turned our backs while the oar kneaded us green and blue in front and behind. When at last the relief came we crept half-dazed into the bamboo cabin, tied a rope round our legs and fell asleep with our salty clothes on before we could get into our sleeping bags. Almost at the same moment there came a brutal tug at the rope; three hours had passed, and one had to go out again and relieve one of the two men at the steering oar.

The next night was still worse; the seas grew higher instead of going down. Two hours on end of struggling with the steering oar was too long; a man was not much use in the second half of his watch, and the seas got the better of us and hurled us round and sideways while the water poured on board. Then we changed over to one hour at the helm and an hour and a half's rest. So the first 60 hours passed, in one continuous struggle against a chaos of waves that rushed upon us without cessation. High waves and low waves, pointed waves and round waves, slanting waves and waves on top of other waves.

The one who suffered worst was Knut. He

had to sacrifice to Neptune and suffered silent agonies in a corner of the cabin. The *Kon-Tiki* did not roll excessively. She took the seas more steadily than any boat of the same dimensions, but it was impossible to predict which way the deck would lean each time.

On the third night the sea went down a bit, although it was still blowing hard. About 4 o'clock an unexpected deluge came foaming through the darkness and knocked the raft right round before the steersmen realized what was happening. The sail thrashed against the bamboo cabin and threatened to tear both the cabin and itself to pieces. All hands had to go on deck to secure the cargo and haul on sheets and stays in the hope of getting the raft on her right course again, so that the sail might fill and curve forward peacefully. But the raft would not right herself. She would go stern foremost, and that was all. The only result of all our hauling and pushing and rowing was that two men nearly went overboard in a sea when the sail caught them in the dark.

Stiff and sore, with skinned palms and sleepy eyes, we were not worth a row of beans. Better to save our strength in case the weather should call us out to a worse passage of arms. So we furled the sail and rolled it round the bamboo yard. The *Kon-Tiki* lay sideways on to the seas and took them like a cork. Everything on board was lashed fast, and all six of us crawled into the little bamboo cabin, huddled together, and slept like mummies in a sardine tin. We did not wake

till well on in the day. Outside the sea was still running high but in long, even ridges and not so wild and confused as the day before. The sun was beating down on the yellow bamboo deck and giving the sea all round us a bright and friendly aspect. What did it matter if the seas foamed and rose high, so long as they only left us in peace on the raft? What did it matter if they rose straight up in front of our noses, when we knew that in a second the raft would go over the top and flatten out the foaming ridge like a steam roller while the heavy threatening mountain of water only lifted us up in the air and rolled groaning and gurgling under the floor? The old masters from Peru knew what they were doing when they avoided a hollow hull which could fill with water or a vessel so long that it would not take the waves one by one.

We were soon so accustomed to having the sea dancing round us that we took no account of it. What did it matter so long as we and the raft were always on top? It was only here that the next question arose: How long could we count on keeping on top? It was easy to see that the balsa logs absorbed water. The aft crossbeam was worse than the others: on it we could press our whole finger tip into the soaked wood till the water squelched. Without saying anything, I broke off a piece of the sodden wood and threw it overboard. It sank quietly beneath the surface and slowly vanished down into the depths. Later I saw two or three of the other fellows do exactly the same when they thought no one was looking.

NEW DRINK RECIPE!

Sunsweet milk shake!

IT'S HALF SUNSWEET,
HALF MILK, AND
IS IT GOOD!



MIXED OR STRAIGHT,
NOTHING KEEPS YOU
REGULAR LIKE
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Served straight or 50-50 with milk,
Sunsweet's delicious—and does some-
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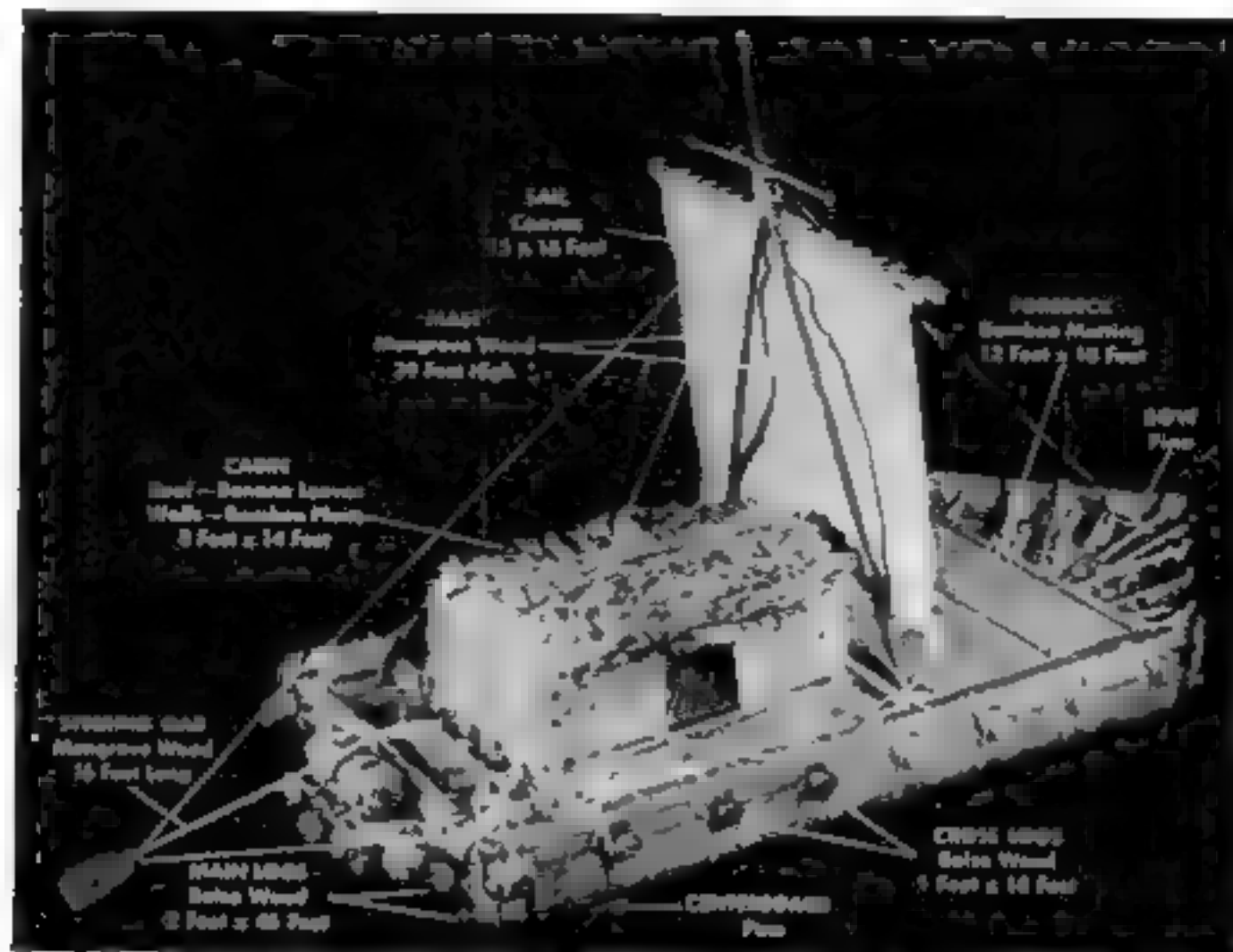
(It makes milk more tempting, too!)

SUNSWEET PRUNE JUICE



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**MOTT'S APPLE JUICE, APPLE SAUCE,
JELLIES, VINEGARS, AND CIDER.**

*The laxative potency of Sunsweet Prune
Juice is standardized by the "C-L Process,"
which was developed and is owned by the
Duffy-Mott Company, Inc.



RAFT'S CONSTRUCTION is shown here in a scale model. Its design was based on descriptions left by early Spanish explorers in South America. Heyerdahl and his crew cut the logs and built the raft themselves, using no metal but only materials which would have been available to the ancient Peruvians.

"KON-TIKI" CONTINUED

They stood looking thoughtfully at the waterlogged piece of wood sinking quietly into the green water.

We had noted the waterline on the raft when we started, but in the rough sea it was impossible to see how deep we lay, for one moment the logs were lifted out of the water and the next they went deep down into it. But if we drove a knife into the timber we saw to our joy that the wood was dry an inch or so below the surface. We calculated that if the water continued to force its way in at the same pace the raft would be lying and floating just under the surface of the water by the time we could expect to be approaching land. But we hoped that the sap further in would act as an impregnation and check the absorption.

Then there was another menace which troubled our minds a little during the first weeks—the ropes. In the daytime we were so busy that we thought little about it, but when darkness had fallen and we had crept into bed on the cabin floor we had more time to think, feel and listen. As we lay there, each man on his straw mattress, we could feel the reed matting under us heaving in time with the wooden logs. In addition to the movements of the raft itself all nine logs moved reciprocally. When one came up another went down with a gentle heaving movement. They did not move much, but it was enough to make one feel as if one were lying on the back of a large breathing animal, and we preferred to lie on a log lengthways. The first two nights were the worst, but then we were too tired to bother about it. Later the ropes swelled a little in the water and kept the nine logs quieter.

But all the same there was never a flat surface on board which kept quite still in relation to its surroundings. As the foundation moved up and down and round at every joint, everything else moved with it. The bamboo deck, the double mast, the four plaited walls of the cabin and the roof of slats with the leaves on it—made fast just with ropes—twisted about and lifted themselves in opposite directions. If one corner went up, the other corner came down, and if one half of the roof dragged all its laths forward, the other half dragged its laths astern. And, if we looked out through the open wall, there was still more life and movement, for there the sky moved quietly round in a circle while the sea leaped high toward it.

The ropes took the whole pressure. All night we could hear them creaking and groaning, chafing and squeaking. It was like one single complaining chorus round us in the dark, each rope having its own note according to its thickness and tautness.

Every morning we made a thorough inspection of the ropes. We were even let down with our heads in the water over the edge of the raft, while two men held us tight by the ankles, to see if the ropes on the bottom of the raft were all right. But the ropes held. A fortnight, the seamen we had talked to in Peru had said, and then all the ropes would be worn out. But we had not so far found the smallest sign of wear. Not till we were far out to sea did we find the solution. The balsa wood was so soft that the ropes wore their way slowly into the wood and were protected instead of the logs wearing the ropes.

After a week or so the sea grew calmer.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

Summer fun DRIES your skin

A "Sandpaper-
Stiff" Face—
dried out by
austly winds



HOT WINDS, TORRID SUN
tend to bake the outer layer
of your skin—make it look
coarser, summer-dry.

HERE IS A QUICK UN-DRIER
to soften and relax your
summer-dried skin.

After you've been out in strong sun
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Cream (hands, arms, too). This rich
cream spreads easily. Dry, thirsty
skin will "soak it right up"—feel
softer, more comfortable at once!

3 features

Three features make Pond's Dry
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in lanolin, most like natural skin oil.
2. It is homogenized to soak in better.
3. It has a special emulsifier.

At night, work in richly. By day,
lightly under make-up. All summer,
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START NOW to repair, ease, soften summer-
dry skin. Get Pond's Dry Skin Cream today!

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As seen
in
Parents'
Magazine

Dresses by
Tiny Town
Togs

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Long-wearing DAN RIVER SHEETS

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Sleep Beautifully
ON
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SHEETS



Dan River brings you the same perfection in sheets that you have learned to expect in fashion fabrics under the Dan River label.

Dan Rivers are so clean-white—lint-free and smooth to the touch—uniformly woven for durability—made with firmly-taped selvages and strongly-stitched hems.

There's a Dan River Sheet for every need—type 128 utility muslin, type 140 luxury muslin and type 180 combed percale. Whichever type you shop for, be sure to look for the Dan River label, so your family will surely "sleep beautifully on Dan River Sheets."



THE "KON-TIKI" VOYAGERS were, from left: Knut Haugland, Bengt Danielsson, Thor Heyerdahl (originator of the expedition and author of this account), Erik Hesselberg, Torstein Raaby and Herman Watzinger. All but Danielsson, a Swede, were Norwegians; only Hesselberg was a trained seaman.

THEIR LIFE AT SEA BECOMES AN EASY, PLEASANT ROUTINE

THE sea contains many surprises for him who has his floor on a level with the surface and drifts along slowly and noiselessly. Not a day passed but we were visited by inquisitive guests which wriggled and waggled about us, and a few of them, such as dolphins and pilot fish, grew so familiar that they accompanied the raft across the sea and kept round us day and night.

When night had fallen and the stars were twinkling in the dark tropical sky, a phosphorescence flashed around us in rivalry with the stars, and glowing plankton resembled round live coals so vividly that we involuntarily drew in our bare legs when the glowing pellets were washed up round our feet at the raft's stern. When we caught them, we saw that they were little brightly shining species of shrimp. On such nights we were sometimes scared when two round shining eyes suddenly rose out of the sea right alongside the raft and glared at us with an unblinking hypnotic stare. The visitors were often big squids which came up and floated on the surface with their devilish green eyes shining in the dark like phosphorus. But sometimes the shining eyes were those of deep-water fish which came up only at night and lay staring, fascinated by the glimmer of light before them.

One day about noon Knut, who was sitting aft behind the bamboo cabin, bellowed "Shark!" till his voice cracked in a falsetto. As we had sharks swimming alongside the raft almost daily without creating such excitement, we all realized that this must be something extra special and flocked astern to Knut's assistance. Knut had been squatting there, washing his pants in the swell, and when he looked up for a moment he was staring straight into the biggest and ugliest face any of us had ever seen in the whole of our lives. It was the head of a veritable sea monster, so huge and so hideous that, if the Old Man of the Sea himself had come up, he could not have made such an impression on us. The head was broad and flat like a frog's with two small eyes right at the sides, and a toadlike jaw which was four or five feet wide and had long fringes drooping from the corners of the mouth. Behind the head was an enormous body ending in a long thin tail with a pointed tail fin which stood straight up and showed that this sea monster was not any kind of whale. The body looked brownish under the water, but both head and body were thickly covered with small white spots.

The monster came quietly, lazily swimming after us from astern. It grinned like a bulldog and lashed gently with its tail. In front of the broad jaws swam a whole crowd of zebra-striped pilot fish in fan formation, and large remora fish and other parasites sat firmly attached to the huge body and traveled with it through the water, so that the whole thing looked like a curious zoological collection crowded round something that resembled a floating deep-water reef.

The monster was a whale shark, the largest shark and the largest fish known in the world today. The whale shark has an average

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Night Stand \$56.50

Night Stand \$41.50

Lady's Desk \$80.50

• Prices F.O.B. Louisville

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SHARK IS GRABBED at upper part of its tail by Heyerdahl. This was the first step in an exciting sport invented to while away dull hours on the voyage.

"KON-TIKI" CONTINUED

length of 50 feet, and according to zoologists it weighs 15 tons. It is said that large specimens can attain a length of 60 feet; one harpooned "baby" had a liver weighing 600 pounds and a collection of 3,000 teeth in each of its broad jaws.

Our monster was so large that, when it began to swim in circles round us and under the raft, its head was visible on one side while the whole of its tail stuck out on the other. And so incredibly grotesque, inert and stupid did it appear when seen full-face that we could not help shouting with laughter, although we realized that it had strength enough in its tail to shred both balsa logs and ropes if it attacked us.

The whale shark went on encircling us for barely an hour, but to us the visit seemed to last a whole day. At last it became too exciting for Erik, who was standing at a corner of the raft with an eight-foot hand harpoon, and, encouraged by ill-considered shouts, he raised the harpoon above his head. As the shark came gliding slowly toward him and its broad head moved right under the corner of the raft, Erik thrust the harpoon with all his strength down between his legs and deep into the gristly head. It was a second or two before the giant understood properly what was happening. Then in a flash the placid half-wit was transformed into a mountain of steel muscles.

We heard a swishing noise as the harpoon line rushed over the edge of the raft and saw a cascade of water as the giant stood on its head and plunged down into the depths. The three men who were standing nearest were flung about the place, head over heels, and two of them were flayed and burned by the line as it rushed through the air. The thick line, strong enough to hold a boat, was caught up on the side of the raft but snapped at once like a piece of twine, and a few seconds later a broken-off harpoon shaft came up to the surface 200 yards away. We waited a long time for the monster to come racing back like an infuriated submarine, but we never saw anything more of him.

The weeks passed. We saw no sign either of a ship or of drifting remains to show that there were other people in the world. The whole sea was ours and, with all the gates of the horizon open, real peace and freedom were wafted down from the firmament itself. It was as though the fresh salt tang in the air, and all the blue purity that surrounded us, had washed and cleansed both body and soul.

If a boat had cruised our way on any average day out at sea, it would have found us bobbing quietly up and down over a long rolling swell covered with little white-crested waves, while the trade wind held the orange sail bent steadily toward Polynesia. Those on board would have seen, at the stern of the raft, a brown, bearded man with no clothes on, either struggling desperately with a long steering oar while he hauled on a tangled rope, or in calm weather, just sitting on a box dozing in the hot sun and keeping a leisurely hold on the steering oar with his toes.



SHARK IS HAULED UP, helpless without the use of its powerful tail. Half-way up to the deck it came to, thrashing about and snapping its jaws madly.

If this man happened not to be Bengt, the latter would have been found lying on his stomach in the cabin door with one of his 73 sociological books. Bengt had further been appointed steward and was responsible for fixing the daily rations. Herman might have been found anywhere at any time of the day—at the masthead with meteorological instruments, underneath the raft with diving goggles on checking a centerboard or in tow in the rubber dinghy, busy with balloons and curious measuring apparatus.

Knut and Torstein were always doing something with their wet and dry batteries, soldering irons and circuits. All their wartime training was required to keep the little radio station going in spray and dew a foot above the surface of the water. Every night they took turns sending our reports and weather observations out into the ether, where they were picked up by chance by radio amateurs who passed the reports on to Washington and other destinations.

Erik was usually sitting patching sails and splicing ropes, or carving in wood and drawing sketches of bearded men and odd fish. At noon every day he took the sextant and mounted a box to look at the sun and find out how far we had moved since the day before. I myself had enough to do with the logbook and reports and the collecting of plankton, fishing and filming.

Every man had his sphere of responsibility, and no one interfered with the others' work. Every man had two hours each day and two hours each night at the steering oar. And duty as cook was in accordance with a daily roster. There were few laws and regulations on board, except that the night watch must have a rope round his waist, that the lifesaving rope had its regular place, that all meals were consumed outside the cabin wall and that the "right place" was only at the farthest end of the logs astern.

"TO STARVE . . . WAS IMPOSSIBLE"

AN ordinary day on board the *Kon-Tiki* began with the last night watch shaking some life into the cook, who crawled out sleepily on to the dewy deck in the morning sun and began to gather flying fish. We fried them over a small Primus stove at the bottom of a box which stood lashed fast to the deck outside the cabin door. There was not a day on our whole voyage on which fish were not swimming round the raft and could not easily be caught. Scarcely a day passed without flying fish, at any rate, coming on board of their own accord. It even happened that large bonitos, delicious eating, swam on board with the masses of water that came from astern and lay kicking on the raft when the water had vanished down between the logs as a sieve. To starve to death was impossible.

Solitary petrels and other sea birds which can sleep on the sea we met thousands of miles from the nearest land. Sometimes, on quiet days far out on the blue sea, we sailed close to a white, floating bird's feather. If, on approaching the little feather, we looked at it closely, we saw that there were two or three passengers on board it, sailing along at their ease before the wind. When the *Kon-Tiki* was about

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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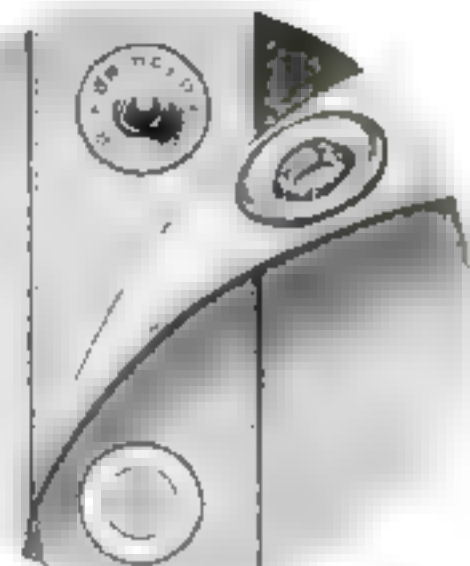
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"KON-TIKI" CONTINUED

to pass, the passengers noticed that a vessel was coming which was faster and had more space, and so all came scuttling sideways at top speed over the surface and up on to the raft, leaving the feather to sail on alone. And so the *Kon-Tiki* soon began to swarm with stowaways. They were small pelagic crabs. As big as a fingernail, and now and then a good deal larger, they were tidbits for the Goliaths on board the raft, if we managed to catch them.

The small crabs were the policemen of the sea's surface and they were not slow to look after themselves when they saw anything eatable. Most often they were frightened and scurried away to hide when we came in view, but aft, in a little hole by the steering block, lived a crab which was quite tame and which we named Johannes.

Like the parrot, who was everyone's amusing pet, the crab Johannes became one of our community on deck. Every man who came on watch had a scrap of biscuit or a bit of fish for him and we needed only to stoop down over the hole for him to come right out on his doorstep and stretch out his hands. He took the scraps out of our fingers with his claws and ran back into the hole, where he sat down in the doorway and munched like a schoolboy, cramming his food into his mouth.

"PREPARED FOR A DANGEROUS COLLISION"

WE were visited by whales many times. Most often they were small porpoises and toothed whales which gamboled about us in large schools on the surface of the water, but now and then there were big cachalots, too, and other giant whales which appeared singly or in small schools. We were prepared for dangerous collision the first time a big whale altered course and came toward the raft in a purposeful manner. It came straight toward our port side, where we stood gathered on the edge of the raft. The big, shining, black forehead was not more than two yards from us when it sank beneath the surface of the water, and then we saw the enormous blue-black bulk glide quietly under the raft right beneath our feet. It lay there for a time, dark and motionless, and we held our breath as we looked down on the gigantic curved back of a mammal a good deal longer than the whole raft. Then it sank slowly through the bluish water and disappeared from sight. Whales which have abused their giant strength and sunk whaling boats with their tails have presumably been attacked first.

When we passed 110° west we were within the Polynesian ocean area. By now we no longer had the same respect for waves and sea. We knew them and their relationship to us on the raft. Even the shark had become part of the everyday picture; we knew it and its usual reactions. The last stage in our intercourse with sharks was that we began to pull their tails.

To get hold of a shark by the tail we first had to give it a real tidbit. It was ready to stick its head high out of the water to get it. If one holds out a large dolphin at a safe distance from the shark's head, the shark comes up and, without one's having felt the slightest tug, half the dolphin is suddenly gone and one is left sitting with a tail in one's hand. (We had found it a hard job to cut a dolphin in two with knives.) When the shark turned quietly to go under again its tail flickered up above the surface and was easy to grasp. The shark's skin was just like sandpaper to hold on to, and inside the upper point of its tail there was an indentation which might have



CURIOUS WHALE swims up close to inspect the *Kon-Tiki*. Many whales came close to the frail raft but none of them so much as lifted a tail against her.

been made solely to allow a good grip. If we once got a firm grasp there, there was no chance of our grip's not holding. Then we had to give a jerk, before the shark could collect itself, and get as much as possible of the tail pulled in tight over the logs. For a second or two the shark realized nothing, but then it began to wriggle and struggle in a spiritless manner with the fore part of its body, for without the help of its tail a shark cannot get up any speed. After a few desperate jerks, during which we had to keep a tight hold of the tail, the surprised shark became quite crestfallen and apathetic.

When the shark had become quiet it was time for us to haul in with all our might. We seldom got more than half the heavy fish up out of the water; then the shark woke up and did the rest itself. With violent jerks it swung its head round and up to the logs, and then we had to tug with all our might and jump well out of the way, and that pretty quickly, if we wanted to save our legs. For now the shark was in no kindly mood. Jerking itself round in great leaps, it thrashed at the bamboo wall, using its tail as a sledge hammer. The huge jaws were opened wide and the rows of teeth bit and snapped in the air for anything they could reach. It might happen that the war dance ended in the shark's more or less involuntarily tumbling overboard and disappearing for good after its shameful humiliation, but most often it flung itself about at random on the same logs aft, till we got a running noose round the root of its tail or till it had ceased to gnash its devilish teeth forever.

The parrot was quite thrilled when we had a shark on deck. It came scurrying out of the bamboo cabin and climbed up the wall at frantic speed till it found itself a good, safe lookout post on the palm-leaf roof, and there it sat shaking its head or fluttered to and fro, shrieking with excitement. It had at an early date become an excellent sailor and was always bubbling over with humor and laughter.

At first the parrot was the bane of our radio operators. They might be sitting happily absorbed in the radio corner with their magic earphones on and perhaps in contact with a radio fan in Oklahoma. Then their earphones would suddenly go dead. The parrot had been busy and bitten off the wire of the aerial. But one day the parrot became seriously ill. It sat in its cage and moped and touched no food for two days, while its droppings glittered with golden scraps of aerial. Then the radio operators repented of their angry words and the parrot of its misdeeds, and from that day Torstein and Knut were its chosen friends and the parrot would never sleep anywhere but in the radio corner. The parrot's mother tongue was Spanish when it first came on board, and Bengt declared that it took to talking Spanish with a Norwegian accent long before it began to imitate Torstein's favorite ejaculations in full-blooded Norwegian.

We enjoyed the parrot's humor and brilliant colors for two months, till a big sea came on board from astern while it was on its way down the stay from the masthead. When we discovered that the parrot had gone overboard, it was too late. The *Kon-Tiki* could not be turned or stopped; if anything went overboard from the raft, we had no chance of turning back for it. The loss of the parrot had a depressing effect on our spirits the first evening; we knew that exactly the same thing would happen to ourselves if we fell overboard on a solitary night watch.



HUNGRY PARROT accompanies crew member taking provisions out of the storage space under deck. The parrot was a gift from a Peruvian well-wisher.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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"KON-TIKI" CONTINUED

THE "KON-TIKI" HITS STORMS AND ONE MAN GOES OVERBOARD

OUR first storm was started by the trade wind dying away completely and the feathery, white trade-wind clouds being suddenly invaded by a thick black cloud bank which rolled up over the horizon from southward. Then there came gusts of wind from the most unexpected directions, so that it was impossible for the steering watch to keep control. As the black clouds rolled over us, the breeze increased to a fresh wind which worked itself up into a real storm.

In an incredibly short time the seas round about us were flung up to a height of 15 feet. When the storm rushed up over the horizon and gathered about us for the first time, strained anticipation and anxiety were discernible in our looks. But when it was upon us in earnest, and the *Kon-Tiki* took everything that came her way with ease and buoyancy, the storm became an exciting form of sport, and we all delighted in the fury round about us which the balsa raft mastered so adroitly, always seeing that she lay on the wave tops like a cork.

We calculated that in an ordinary calm sea, where there were usually seven seconds between the highest waves, we took in about 200 tons of water astern in 24 hours. But we hardly noticed it because it just flowed in quietly round the bare legs of the steering watch and as quietly disappeared again between the logs. But in a heavy storm more than 10,000 tons of water poured on board astern in the course of 24 hours. It sometimes broke on board with a deafening thunderclap, so that the helmsman stood in water up to his waist and felt as if he were forcing his way against the current in a swift river (picture, p. 90). The raft seemed to stand trembling for a moment, but then the cruel load that weighed her down astern disappeared overboard again in great cascades.

When the weather moderated, it was as though the big fish around us had become completely infuriated. It was a ceaseless life-and-death struggle: the backs of big fishes arched themselves over the water and shot off like rockets, one chasing another in pairs, while the water round the raft was repeatedly tinged with thick blood. The combatants were mainly tunnies and dolphins. The tunnies were the assailants; often a fish of 150 to 200 pounds would leap high into the air holding a dolphin's bloody head in its mouth.

"A FAINT CRY FOR HELP"

ON July 21 the wind suddenly died away again. It was oppressive and absolutely still, and we knew from previous experience what this might mean. And, right enough, after a few violent gusts from east and west and south, the wind freshened up to a breeze from southward, where black, threatening clouds had again rushed up over the horizon. Suddenly Torstein's sleeping bag went overboard. Herman tried to catch the bag as it went, took a rash step and fell overboard. We heard a faint cry for help amid the noise of the waves and saw Herman's head and a waving arm as well as some vague green object twirling about in the water near him. Torstein, who was at the steering oar aft, and I myself, up in the bow, were the first to perceive him, and we went cold with fear.

Knut and Erik threw out the life belt, but the wind was so strong that it was simply blown back to the raft. After a few unsuccessful throws Herman was already far astern of the steering oar.

Then we suddenly saw Knut take off and plunge headfirst into the sea. He had the life belt in one hand and was heaving himself along. Every time Herman's head appeared on a wave back Knut was gone, and every time Knut came up Herman was not there. But then we saw both heads at once; they had swum to meet each other and both were hanging on to the life belt. Knut waved his arm, and all four of us took hold of the line of the life belt and hauled for dear life, with our eyes fixed on the great dark object which was visible just behind the two men. This same mysterious beast in the water was pushing a big greenish-black triangle up above the wave crests; it almost gave Knut a shock when he was on his way over to Herman. Only Herman knew then that the triangle did not belong to a shark or any other sea monster. It was an inflated corner of Torstein's watertight sleeping bag. But the sleeping bag did not remain floating for long after we had hauled the two men safe and sound on board. Whatever dragged the sleeping bag down into the depths had just missed a better prey.



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CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

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"KON-TIKI" CONTINUED



SECOND LANDFALL made by *Kon-Tiki's* crew was the island of Angatau, lying behind the dangerous reef which shows as a narrow white strip in this picture. Two natives came out in a canoe to greet them and help try to negotiate the risky passage through the reef to the island (below). Four days earlier, on July 30, after 93 days at sea, the voyagers had caught their first sight of land but had drifted away from it before a landing attempt could be made.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO LAND IS A DEPRESSING FAILURE

THE canoe (above) bumped against the raft's side, and the two men leaped on board. One of them grinned all over his face and held out a brown hand, exclaiming in English, "Goodnight!" "Goodnight," I replied in astonishment. "Do you speak English?"

The man nodded. "Goodnight," he said, "goodnight."

This was his entire vocabulary in foreign languages.

"Mamai hee iuta (Want to go to land)," I tried.

They both pointed toward the invisible passage in the reef, and we laid the oar over and decided to take our chance. We hauled down the sail at top speed and each of us got out his big paddle.

I wanted to give an extra paddle to each of the two natives, who stood enjoying the cigarettes they had been given on board. The most advanced of the two bent down, made a cranking motion in the air with his right hand and said, "Brrrrrrrrrr!"

He wanted us to start the engine. We took them aft and made them feel under the logs to show them that we had no propeller. They were dumfounded and, putting out their cigarettes, flung themselves down on the side of the raft where we sat—four men on each outside log, dipping our paddles into the water. It did not look as if we were moving an inch. The natives looked frightened, jumped back into the canoe and disappeared.

As darkness fell over the island, four canoes came dancing out from behind the reef, and soon there was a crowd of Polynesians on board, all wanting to shake hands and get cigarettes.

We quickly had ropes made fast from the stern of all the canoes to the bow of the *Kon-Tiki*, and the four sturdy outrigger canoes spread out in fan formation, like a dog team, ahead of the wooden raft. Knut jumped into the dinghy and found a place as draft dog in among the canoes, and we others, with paddles, posted ourselves on the two outside logs of the *Kon-Tiki*. And so began a struggle against the east wind which had been at our back for so long.

Three hours passed, and it was now 9 o'clock. Gradually we began to lose ground. We were tired.

We heard the natives beginning to murmur and exchange words. Suddenly we noticed that one of the canoes had cast off its rope into the sea and disappeared. Soon the three remaining ropes slackened and the three canoes bumped against the side of the raft. One of the natives came on board and said quietly with a jerk of his head, "iuta (To land)." The natives jumped into the canoes and disappeared into the night. The last we heard was the shrill voice of our first friend out in the darkness calling politely, "Goodnight!"

For three days we drifted across the sea without a sight of land.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 109



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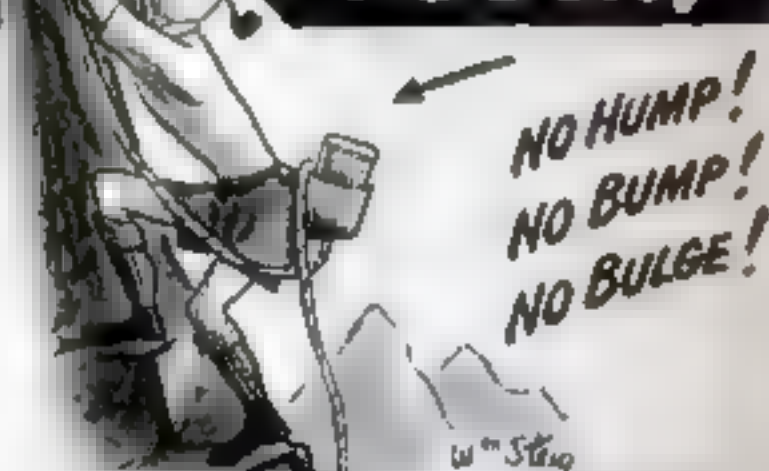
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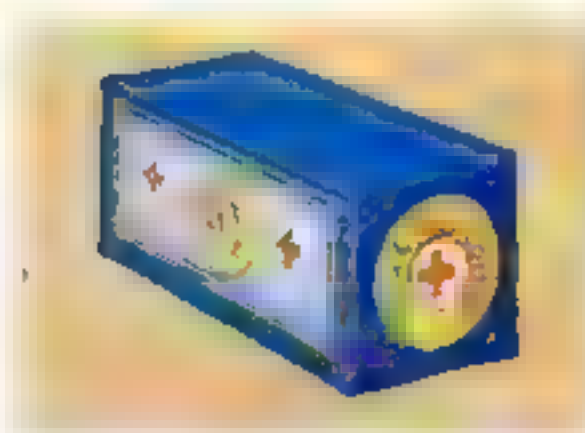


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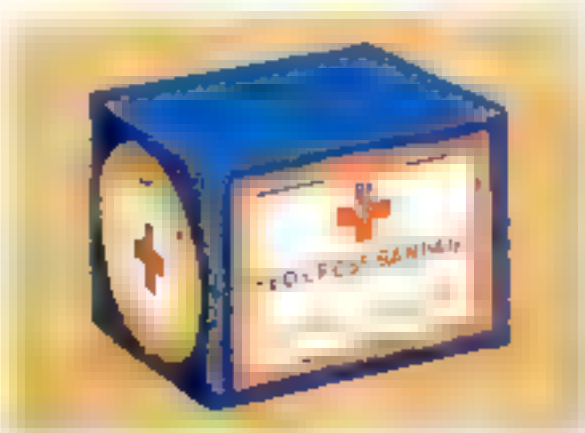
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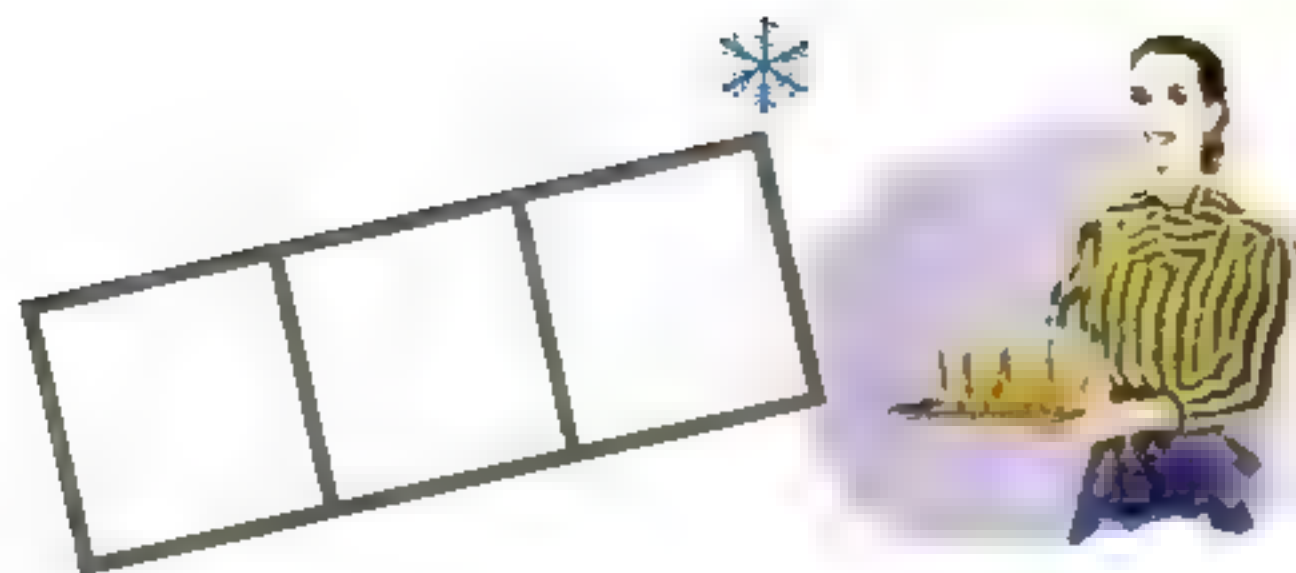
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Dept. FA, 1706 L Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

Genuine ICE FILLS EVERY COOLING NEED



When You Entertain

Use crushed ice generously in serving appetizers, juices, seafoods and salads. Your Ice Company can supply *genuine* ice for every occasion.



Home-Made Ice Cream

Old-fashioned, velvety ice cream made with *genuine* ice in a home freezer has a texture and flavor no "still frozen" substitute can equal.



When You Shop

Get your money's worth when you buy vegetables! Up-to-date stores always keep their vegetables *garden-fresh* by displaying them in *crushed* ice.



Free Money-Saver

Send a postcard today for your free copy of "Money-saving Tips on Marketing"—a complete guide to buying vegetables, poultry, sea food.

Ice Makes The Picnic

Picnic time calls for *genuine* ice and plenty of it! A handy picnic chest carries the ice and the beverages—and keeps the foods fresh besides. Inexpensive, too. Get one from your local Ice Company.



1850—ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF ICE PROGRESS—1950

"KON-TIKI" MAKES A CRASH LANDING IN POUNDING SURF

WE were drifting straight toward the ominous Takume and Raroia reefs, which together blocked up 40 to 50 miles of the sea ahead of us. On board the *Kon-Tiki* all preparations for the end of the voyage were being made. Everything of value was carried into the cabin and lashed fast. We opened up the bamboo deck and cut off with machete knives all the ropes which held the centerboards down. With the centerboards up the draught of our vessel was no deeper than to the bottom of the timber logs, and we would therefore be more easily washed in over the reef.

Those were anxious hours in which we lay drifting helplessly sideways, in toward the reef. It was noticeably quiet on board; we all crept in and out from cabin to bamboo deck, silent or laconic, and carried on with our jobs. Our serious faces showed that no one was in doubt as to what awaited us, and the absence of nervousness showed that we had all gradually acquired an unshakable confidence in the raft. If it had brought us across the sea, it would also manage to bring us ashore alive.

Entries in the *Kon-Tiki's* log ran:

"9:45: The wind is taking us straight toward the last island but one we see behind the reef. We can now see the whole coral reef clearly; here it is built up like a white and red speckled wall which barely sticks up out of the water as a belt in front of all the islands. All along the reef white foaming surf is flung up toward the sky. Bengt is just serving up a good hot meal, the last before the great action! . . .

"9:50: Very close now. Drifting along the reef. Only a hundred yards or so away. All clear. Must pack up log now. All in good spirits; it looks bad, but we shall make it!"

A few minutes later the anchor rushed overboard and caught hold of the bottom, so that the *Kon-Tiki* swung around and turned her stern inward toward the breakers. It held us for a few valuable minutes, while Torstein sat hammering like mad on the wireless key. He had got Rarotonga now. The breakers thundered in the air and the sea rose and fell furiously. Torstein asked Rarotonga to listen in on the same wavelength every hour. If we were silent for more than 36 hours, Rarotonga must let the Norwegian Embassy in Washington know. Torstein's last words were: "O.K. Fifty yards left. Here we go. Goodby."

The swell grew heavier and heavier, with deep troughs between the waves, and we felt the raft being swung up and down, up and down, higher and higher. All hands stood in readiness, each clinging fast to the rope he thought the most secure.

"THE GREAT MOMENT HAD COME"

WHEN we realized that the seas had got hold of us, the anchor rope was cut, and we were off. A sea rose straight up under us, and we felt the *Kon-Tiki* being lifted up in the air. The great moment had come; we were riding on the wave back at breathless speed, our ramshackle craft creaking and groaning as she quivered under us. The excitement made one's blood boil. I remember that, having no other inspiration, I waved my arm and bellowed "Hurrah!" at the top of my lungs. The others certainly thought I had gone mad, but they all beamed and grinned enthusiastically. On we ran with the seas rushing in behind us.

A new sea rose high up astern of us like a glittering, green glass wall. As we sank down it came rolling after us and, in the same second in which I saw it high above me, I felt a violent blow and was submerged under floods of water. I felt the suction through my whole body, with such great power that I had to strain every single muscle in my frame and think of one thing only—hold on, hold on! Then I felt that the mountain of water was passing on and relaxing its devilish grip of my body.

In an instant hell was over us again, and the *Kon-Tiki* disappeared completely under the masses of water. The second sea rushed over us, and a third like it.

After three seas only the double mast and the cabin had been knocked a bit crooked. We had a feeling of triumph over the elements, and the elation of victory gave us new strength.

Then I saw the next sea come towering up, higher than all the rest. We must have hit the reef that time. The sea thundered on, over and past, and as it roared by it revealed a hideous sight. The

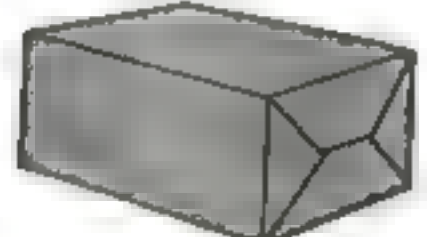
The New Shape is the news



The new-shape sweater-top dress is news because its little knitted top is shaped as dramatically as an evening gown. That's imaginative designing!

The new-shape Modess box is news because it, too, is a triumph of imaginative designing. Shaped like so many other kinds of boxes... you'd never guess the wrapped package held Modess. Another tactful feature... boxes are pre-wrapped before they even reach your store.

Same number of fine napkins. Same price. Regular, Junior, and Super Modess sizes.



Only Modess comes in the new-shape box...pre-wrapped

BLUE JAY SAY:
"fix CORNS quick!"

BLUE JAY

FAST, SURE RELIEF

AMERICA'S No. 1 CORN PLASTER

HOLLYWOOD

sani-white

Cleans White Shoes Like MAGIC!

HOLLYWOOD

BOOT POLISH

shines shoes like MAGIC!

HOLLYWOOD SHOE POLISH INC.
RICHMOND HILL 19, N. Y.

THIS CHEWING FOOD IS 'TRAINING' FOR MY TEETH!

Only MILK-BONE DOG BISCUIT does so much for your dog! Gives him the *chewing exercises* that helps keep teeth and gums healthy... plus important food elements! Economical because so much nourishment is concentrated in each crunchy biscuit! It's baked for purity and easy digestion... sold only in sealed and lined cartons to stay fresh!

MILK-BONE DOG BISCUIT contains nutrients your dog needs: Vitamins A, B₁, B₂, D, and E... Meat Meal... Fish Liver Oil... Whole Wheat Flour... Minerals... Milk.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

MILK-BONE

BAKED BY NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

National Biscuit Co., Dept. LM-51
445 E. 18th St., New York 9, N. Y.

FREE SAMPLE

Send me free MILK-BONE DOG BISCUIT Also Booklet: "How to Care for and Feed Your Dog" (Please print. Paste coupon on penny postcard if you wish.)

Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....

This offer good in United States only



Ted Key

"I made the hotel reservations — I bought my American Express Travelers Cheques . . . and yet I keep thinking I've forgotten something!"

Smart travelers always remember to carry American Express Travelers Cheques . . . for they're not only the most widely accepted cheques in the world—spendable in more than a million places . . . but if they're lost or stolen you get a quick refund. And they're so simple to use: You merely sign them when you buy them and again when you spend them.

Specify American Express Travelers Cheques at BANKS, Railway Express and Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per \$100.

CONVENIENT AS CASH—100% SAFE
AMERICAN EXPRESS
TRAVELERS CHEQUES
MOST WIDELY ACCEPTED CHEQUES IN THE WORLD!

set your lip make-up

NU-LIPS

1/4 oz. \$1 plus tax

No more stains on linens
no more smears on glasses
no more tell-tale kisses when clear liquid Nu-Lips is brushed over your lipstick.

At your favorite store or write for information to
RENOIR PARFUMS Ltd., 120 West 42d St., New York.

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BOWL

WITH **CREAMETTES**

THE MORE TENDER • MORE DELICIOUS... **MACARONI**

PLANTERS
is the word for
PEANUTS

MEN OVER 25 WITH THINNING HAIR..

give it this special care in summer

GROOM IT WITH KREML



TO AVOID A HOT, GREASY, SHINY-LOOKING SCALP.
TO MAKE HAIR LOOK MORE ABUNDANT!

If your hair is thinning or receding at temples—don't keep gluing it down with greasy, sticky products which emphasize your sparse locks more—which leave an uncomfortably hot, dust-catching, shiny-looking film on the scalp. Now definitely is the time of year, the time in your life,

to graduate to Kreml Hair Tonic! Even on hottest summer days, Kreml keeps hair looking healthy and handsome—never greasy or plastered down. And Kreml alone has this special combination of rare ingredients to groom hair so that it looks thicker—like more than you've got. Kreml Hair Tonic always feels so CLEAN—SO COOL on your scalp. Also great to remove dandruff flakes and lubricate dry, sun-baked hair.



FROM THE SEAWARD SIDE THIS IS THE VIEW THE "KON-TIKI'S" CREW

"KON-TIKI" CONTINUED

Kon-Tiki was wholly changed, as by the stroke of a magic wand. The hardwood mast on the starboard side was broken like a match, and the upper stump, in its fall, had smashed right through the cabin roof, so that the mast and all its gear slanted at a low angle over the reef on the starboard side. Astern, the steering block was twisted round lengthways and the crossbeam broken, while the steering oar was smashed to splinters. The splashboards at the bow were broken like cigar boxes, and the whole deck was torn up and pasted like paper against the forward wall of the cabin, along with boxes, cans, canvas and other cargo. Bamboo sticks and rope ends stuck up everywhere, and the general effect was of complete chaos.

All this happened in the course of a few seconds, while the *Kon-Tiki* was being drawn out of the witches' caldron by the backwash, and a fresh sea came rolling over her. I saw the ends of the logs knocking and bumping against a sharp step in the coral reef without going over it. Then we were sucked out again.

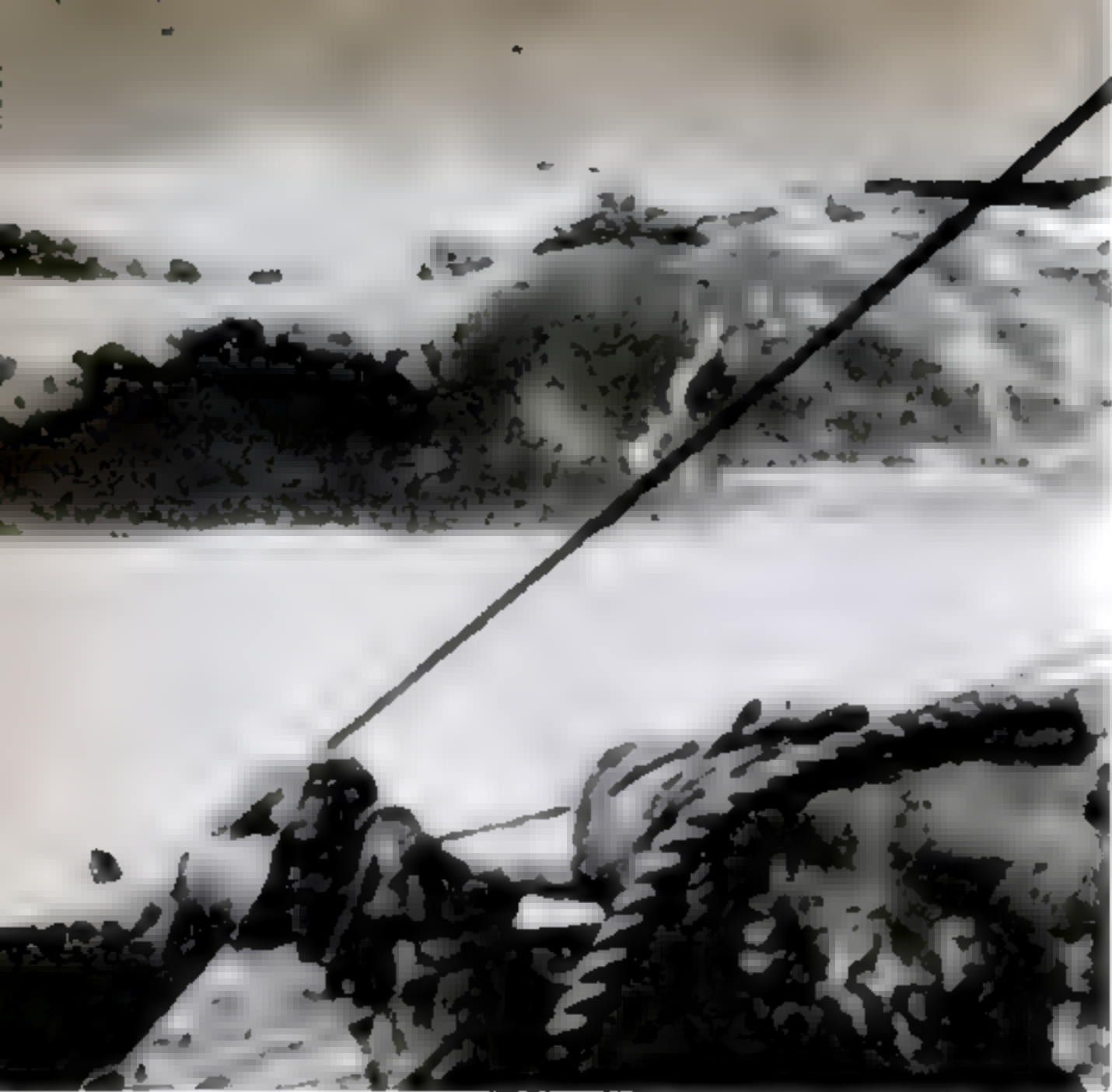
The next sea came. When the backwash retreated I saw for the first time the rugged red reef naked beneath us and perceived Torstein standing, bent double, on gleaming red corals, holding on to a bunch of rope ends from the mast. Knut, standing aft, was about to jump. I shouted that we must all keep on the logs, and Torstein, who had been washed overboard by the pressure of water, sprang up again like a cat.

Two or three more seas rolled over us with diminishing force, and what happened then I do not remember, except that we were being lifted in over the red reef. Then only crests of foam full of salt spray came whirling in, and we all made for the after end of the logs which were highest up on the reef.

Knut crouched down and sprang up on to the reef. While the backwash was running out, he waded through the whirling water some 30 yards in and stood safely when the next sea foamed in toward



A LANDWARD PICTURE OF THE REEF, TAKEN FROM THE ISLAND ACROSS



HAD OF THE REEF ON WHICH THEIR VOYAGE CAME TO A VIOLENT END

him, died down and ran back from the flat reef like a broad stream. Erik was now standing ready on the logs aft, and when the sea retired he, too, jumped up on to the reef. It was Herman's turn next, and then Bengt's. Each time the raft was pushed a bit farther in and, when Torstein's turn and my own came, the raft already lay so far in on the reef that there was no longer any ground for abandoning her. The coral polyps had taken care to build the atoll so high that only the very tops of the breakers were able to send a fresh stream of sea water past us and into the lagoon.

A long way in on the reef the others found the rubber raft, lying drifting and quite waterlogged. They emptied it and dragged it back to the wreck, and we loaded it to the full with the most important equipment, like the radio set, provisions and water bottles. We dragged all this in across the reef and piled it up on the top of a huge block of coral, which lay alone on the inside of the reef like a large meteorite. Then we went back to the wreck for fresh loads.

The reef stretched like a half-submerged fortress wall up to the north and down to the south. In the extreme south was a long island densely covered with tall palm forest. And just above us to the north, only 600 or 700 yards away, lay another but considerably smaller palm island. It lay inside the reef, with palm tops rising into the sky and snow-white sandy beaches running out into the still lagoon. The whole island looked like a bulging green basket of flowers, or a little bit of concentrated paradise.

This island we chose.

I shall never forget that wade across the reef toward the heavenly palm island that grew larger as it came to meet us. When I reached the sunny sand beach I slipped off my shoes and thrust my bare toes down into the warm, bone-dry sand.

I was completely overwhelmed. I sank down on my knees and thrust my fingers deep down into the dry, warm sand.

The voyage was over.



THE SHELTERED LAGOON, SHOWS THE BROKEN RAFT FINALLY AT REST

5-day pads

**new miracle
pad deodorant
WIPES AWAY
ODOR-FORMING
BACTERIA**—does not
leave them under your arms!

Contains twice*
as much active
anti-perspirant
...yet milder

8 times*
more effective
in killing
odor-forming
bacteria

Laboratory Proof



This microscopic photo proves that when you throw away your 5-Day Pad you throw away with it hundreds of thousands of bacteria that are the main cause of perspiration odor. Does not leave them under your arms!



This laboratory photo was taken hours after application of a 5-Day Pad. Note the amazing difference. This is because 5-Day's exclusive formula prevents the growth of odor-forming skin bacteria and keeps you safe from underarm odor longer.

5-day deodorant pads

Easier! Each pad contains right amount. No guessing! Even smooth penetration instantly.
Faster! Goes into action instantly. Dries in seconds.
Cooling, Refreshing! No clammy, sticky feeling. Cooling, refreshing sensation.



No other deodorant tested is as effective in checking perspiration and stopping odor!

The miracle is in the pad! 5-Day Pads are circlelets of fabric saturated with refreshing, mild yet very effective deodorant. 5-Day's exclusive formula checks perspiration—stops odor longer.

The miracle is in the pad! Far cleaner. Far more convenient. No fuss. No muss. No mess. The perfect way to apply a deodorant.

Safely checks perspiration more effectively, too! Contains twice* as much active anti-perspirant than an average of leading brands tested. Yet, laboratory pH tests prove 5-Day milder—harmless to skin and clothes.

Greater reserve protection! Laboratory tests show that hours after application 5-Day's exclusive formula is 8 times* more effective in keeping you safe from underarm odor than an average of leading brands tested. No other deodorant or deodorant soap tested can keep you so safe from underarm odor—so long.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK if not completely satisfied.

*All comparative figures mentioned in this ad are based on the average of laboratory tests of leading deodorants. Name of independent laboratory available on request.

25c 55c
\$1.00



HAY WAGON is towed into the barn with children hitching ride atop fresh load. Inside the 43-year-old

barn youngsters found that there were four tons of hay for them to play in—and for cattle's winter feed.

Life Visits A Country Hayloft

CITY KIDS, COUNTRY COUSINS TAKE OVER BARN

As long as barns have had haylofts, country children have loved to romp in them and city kids have wished they could. Recently, in the barn on Hidden Valley Farm in Hyndsville, N.Y., LIFE Photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt, spent a day with 13 youngsters who had gathered to tumble in the loft to their hearts' content. Four of them were city children for whom Hidden

Valley was discovered by Farm Vacations & Holidays, Inc., a New York vacation bureau. In the hands of nine country cousins the visitors soon caught on to the fun that can be had in jumping onto a mattress of hay and swinging from the beams of a barn. When the cows came home all the children had gone, but their happy shrieks still echoed from the rafters to the stalls.



HAY FIGHT in the loft begins with a surprise onslaught against the girls. Children found hay fights

just as much fun as pillow fights, and the only casualties of battles were itchy throats caused by dust.

PLAYMATES FIND WALL OF STRAW MAKES PERFECT SLIDE →





ARTIST'S DAUGHTER Ann McGinnis, 9, puts head in stance lion and mice. She won modeling contest.



FARMER'S DAUGHTER Lynn Snod, 4, holds an injured rodent she found near her father's barn.



1895—bicycling was near its peak. Thousands of cyclists thronged the roads around Millis, Mass., home of Clicquot Club then and now.

The wheelmen (and wheel-ladies) spread the news of a great refreshment

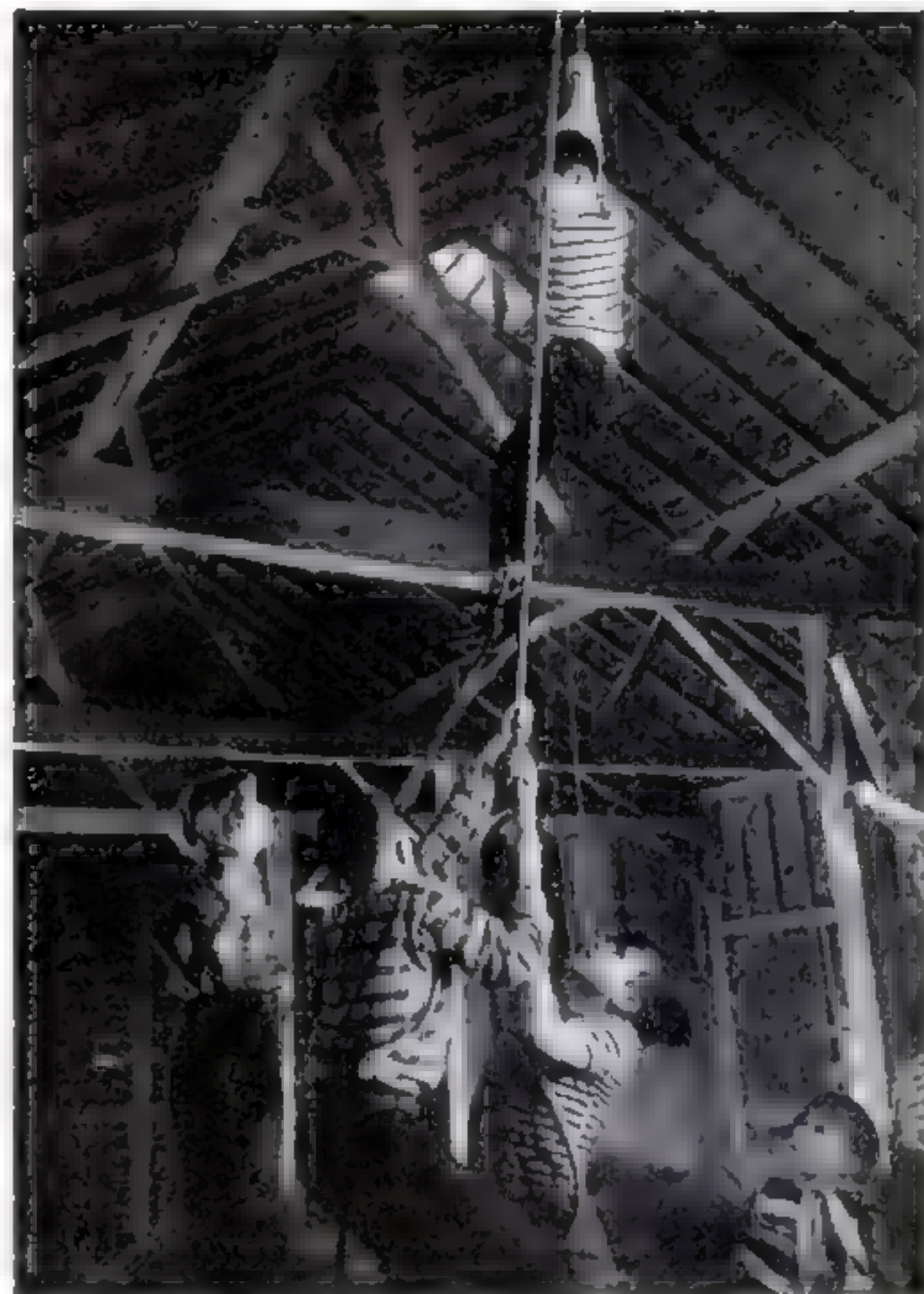
Back in 1895 Clicquot Club was delivered by wagon to towns near Millis, Mass., and to roadside refreshment stands. People tasted it—smacked their lips—told other people! Soon the fame of Clicquot Club spread throughout New England—then across the nation. Over 50 years a favorite, Clicquot Club Ginger Ale gives you the extra ripeness and richness of *flavor-aging*—an exclusive process wherein finest Jamaica ginger and other pure ingredients are mellowed for months. And ice-cold carbonation means longer-lasting, livelier sparkle—for *all* Clicquot Club beverages.



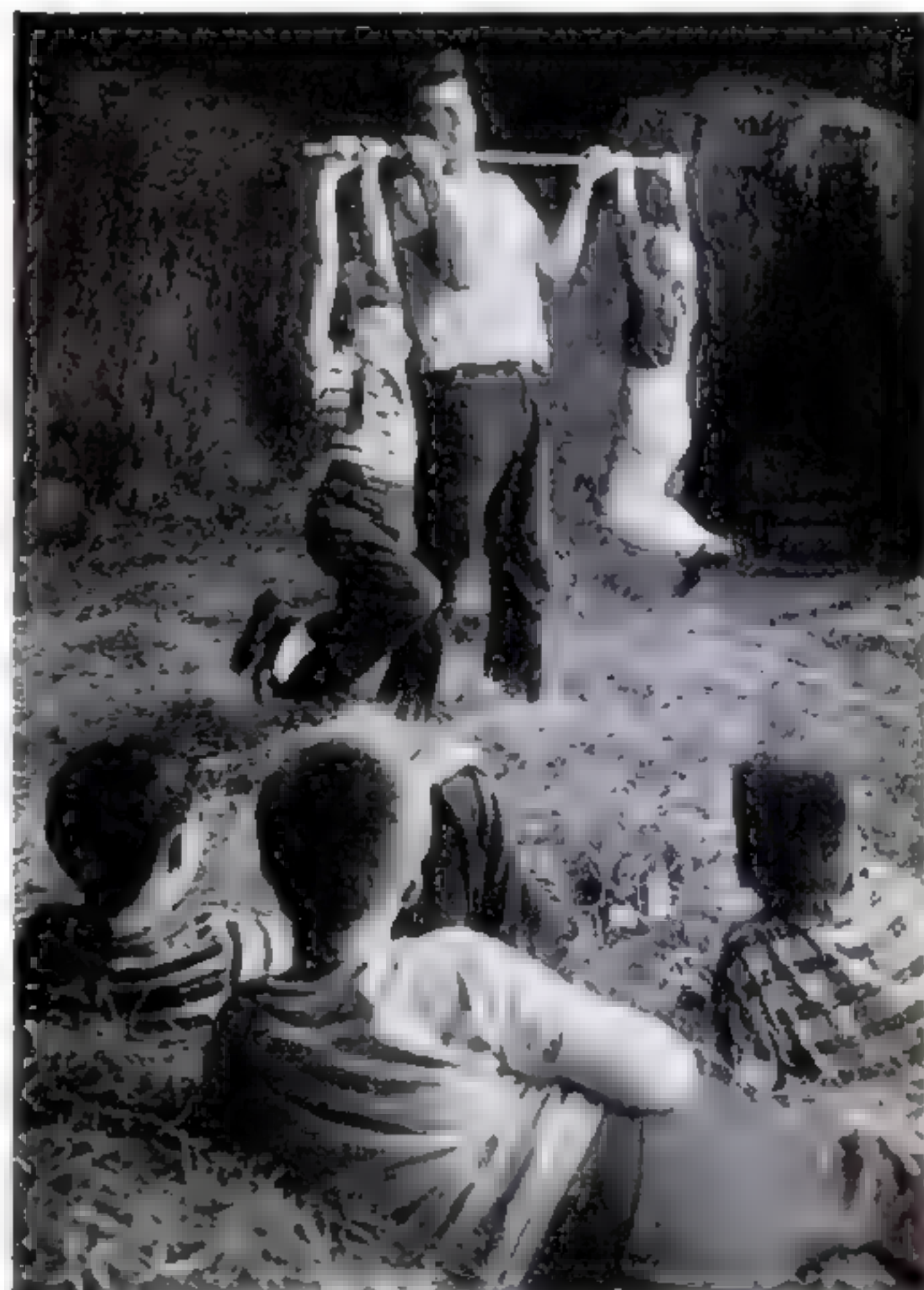
GINGER ALE • SPARKLING WATER

Try these and other Clicquot Club flavors. They're delicious!

ORANGE COLA ROOT BEER GRAPE



ROPE TRICK is about to be played on Tommy Costello by Tom Peckham and Don Almy. They hoisted him on a pulley and a second later let go rope.



WEIGHT LIFT is performed by Hired Hand "Gus" Gustafson, who shows off strength by letting Carolyn Thomas and Lynn Snoad dangle from iron bar.



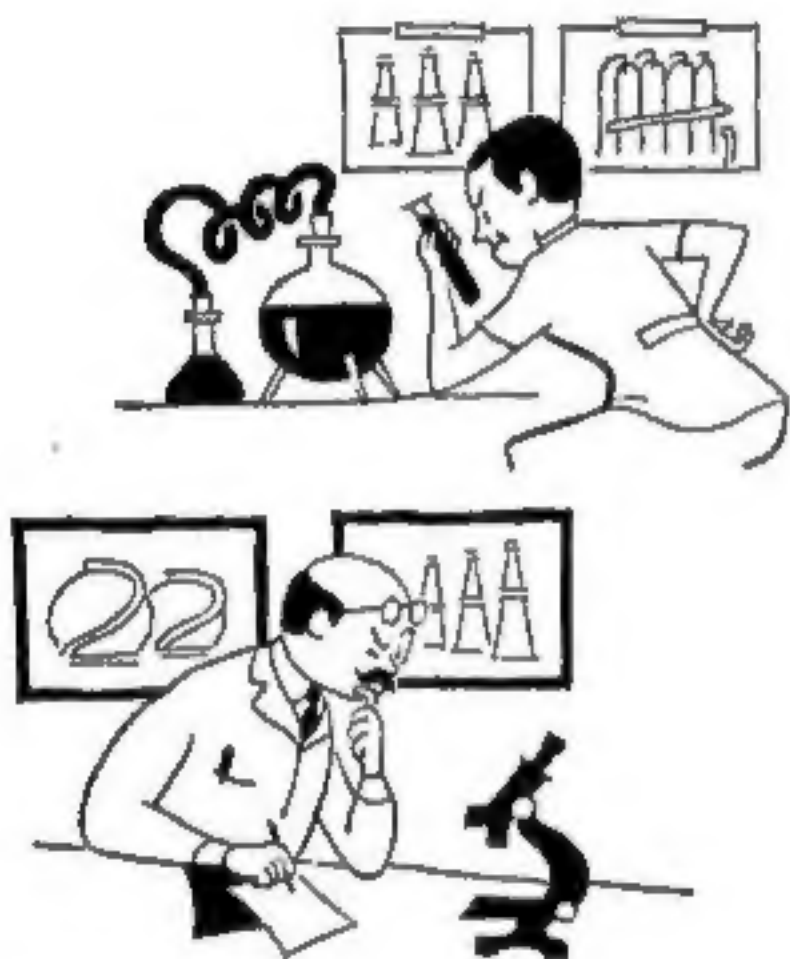
Gone are the days when a dollar bought 2 dinners...



3 lbs. of sirloin...



4 seats at the movies.



But thanks to progress in the oil industry...



today you have far better gasolines...



priced no higher than 25 years ago.

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" aren't entirely gone—not when a gallon of today's better-than-ever gasoline costs no more, *before taxes*, than you paid way back in 1925.

You know how much value your gasoline dollar buys today when you compare your present car with the first auto you ever drove. Today's finer engines, with their vastly stepped-up power and performance, would never have been possible without the oil progress that developed today's better gasolines. Yet the

fact is these improved quality gasolines come to you at 1925 prices—plus increased taxes, of course.

There's a key to progress in petroleum—the fact that oil is a highly competitive industry. Thousands of privately managed companies of all sizes are rivals in one or more of the many different branches of the oil business. Their ceaseless competition to win and hold your business means you *always* get extra value for your money—better quality products and services at reasonable prices.

*Thousands of oil companies mean competition...
competition means progress...
progress means better living for everyone*



Oil Industry Information Committee, 50 West 50th Street, New York, N. Y.



LifeStride®

A STRIDE AHEAD IN FIT AND VALUE



PARKSTON

The Pump...going places!

Perfected for you by LifeStride... the always important Pump.
And the LifeStride version... with its fine leathers, quality
construction and wise-buy price... goes everywhere, with everything.
The Pump... as done by LifeStride... is your fashion ally.
For name of LifeStride dealer nearest you write
LifeStride Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.



PAULINE



DEL RIO

Shoes illustrated,

7.95

HIGHER DENVER WEST

Other styles,
6.95 to 8.95

Hayloft CONTINUED



WAVING ARMS helps steady this foursome in follow-the-leader. Leader Beth Schuyler, 11, led boys across 10-inch-wide beam a few feet above floor.



TOUSLED HEADS of Carolyn Thomas and John Bates peer from tunnels dug in loft as they live every kid's dream of being buried up to his ears in hay.

SIGNED SEALED DELICIOUS



WITH THIS
FAMOUS SIGNATURE



WITH A GOVERNMENT
BONDED STAMP



ANY WAY YOU LIKE
FINE BOURBON



Of Topmost Choice

When you take your first revealing sip of OLD TAYLOR, your search for a really choice bourbon will end right there. From then on you're sure to make OLD TAYLOR *your* topmost choice. It's that kind of bourbon!

*National Distillers Products Corporation
New York, N. Y.*

OLD TAYLOR*

100 PROOF

* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The cigarette that smells Milder smokes Milder

BE YOUR OWN CIGARETTE EXPERT
says Preston Harper

PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMER, DEEP RUN, N. C.

IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THIS

- A** YOU buy a pack of Chesterfields and you open it up.
- B** YOU smell that milder Chesterfield aroma. No other cigarette has it.
- C** YOU smoke Chesterfields and prove what every tobacco man knows...

tobaccos that
SMELL Milder · SMOKE Milder

Preston Harper

"Yes, Chesterfields are
so much Milder"

Jane Wyman

CO-STARRING IN

"THE GLASS MENAGERIE"

A CHARLES K. FELDMAN GROUP PRODUCTION
DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.

Miss Jane Wyman's solo by Gene Shelly



A *Always* B *Buy* C CHESTERFIELD